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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910.

The Week.

Michigan Democrats, it is reported, are for Gov. Harmon for the Presidency, *if* he is successful in winning a re-election next autumn. This is a curious attitude. If he is fit to lead the Democracy, of sufficient stature for the Presidency, whether he is or is not successful ought surely not to count. We are frank to say, however, that if anything is certain in our political future, it should seem to be Gov. Harmon's qualifying according to the wishes of the Michigan Democrats. The situation in Ohio does not improve from the Republican point of view; the blundering at Washington—where Republicans have given up all hope of a Republican House and are already consoling themselves by picturing the future folly of the Democratic majority—does not help. The suggestion of James R. Garfield or of Nicholas Longworth as Republican candidate for Governor arouses no enthusiasm. Ohio, the President's State, is, in fact, in open insurgency, and promises surely to provide a Democratic Presidential candidate. Curiously enough, the second choice of the Michigan Democracy is Mayor Gaynor of New York. With all due respect to the city's Executive, we say that such a choice can only illustrate the dearth of Democratic candidates. No party ought to begin to talk of giving the Presidency to a man, however promising, who has served only a fraction of his term in his first executive office and has yet to demonstrate along a dozen lines whether he is really fit for the manifold responsibilities of high office.

Reports agree that the visit to Berlin was not a spectacular success. Even the devoted band of special correspondents is forced to admit that the phlegmatic German populace has been more than usually phlegmatic in the presence of the traveller from East Africa. There was only a handful of people at the railway station, and as for the learned audience that listened to the lecture on world movements, it was frankly bored. The reason is, of course, apparent. It has been forecast a score of times by the newspaper artists who let their fancy dwell on what would happen when Mr. Roosevelt and the Kaiser met. Like good Americans, we took it for granted that Mr. Roosevelt would blanket the Kaiser. What really happened was that, years ago, the Kaiser had brushed the bloom off Mr. Roosevelt's advent. What was there for the Berliners to get excited over? An advocate of the militant virtues? A champion of peace with honor? A reburnisher of the Decalogue? An exhorter upon women, children, kitchen, and clothes? All these and more William II has been to his subjects for so many years that his visitor could bring with him, at most, only the novelty that attaches to the foreign version of a familiar book. An ex-President of the intellectual range of Senator Jeff Davis and the silent tread of Senator Crane would probably have interested the people as much more of a novelty.

Conditions at the Bethlehem Steel Works, reports Commissioner of Labor Neill, are bad. Conditions at South Bethlehem, retorts Mr. Schwab, are no worse than they are elsewhere in the steel industry. If they are no worse than what the Pittsburgh Survey discovered them to be in that city, they are bad enough. As elsewhere, the burden falls heaviest on the unskilled laborer. The higher grade of workmen in Bethlehem have a ten-and-a-half-hour day, with a half-holiday on Saturday. But in the blast furnaces, the working day is twelve hours, seven days in the week, with a continuous stretch of twenty-four hours once every week or every two weeks, when the day and night shifts change. Mr. Schwab has apparently no reason to complain of unfair treatment by the Federal Labor Bureau. His case merely calls attention to the fact that it is the large cities in which reform, whether it is political, social, or industrial, comes first. Pittsburgh has long been before the public as an example of the terrible human cost that goes into the manufacture of steel. But Bethlehem, where conditions are "no worse" than they are in Pittsburgh, has hitherto escaped notice by virtue of being one-twentieth as large as Pittsburgh.

Much more attention than it has yet received should be devoted to so very grave a question as that raised by the Parole bill which passed the House of Representatives on Monday and which in similar form had already passed the Senate. The bill makes possible the parole of Federal prisoners who are sentenced for less than life or more than one year, after the expiration of one-third of their term of imprisonment, provided, of course, that this parole be recommended by the newly created Parole Board of the penitentiary where they may be confined. The plan is sure to receive sanction from those who believe in calling all criminality a form of insanity and thus shifting the burden of wrongdoing from the shoulders of the guilty one to his parents, his environment, or even his Maker; but it seems to us another step on the dangerous road which leads to immunity for the criminal and practical encouragement for crime. If we have no faith in our laws and think the punishments under them excessive, or if it be concluded that the whole system should be radically altered, by all means let us change the laws. All this is very different from a hasty act weakening the power of existing laws and contradicting the judgment of those we have appointed to judge, by cutting two-thirds of the time, besides the allowance for good behavior, from the sentences of prisoners.

The death of James W. Van Cleave removes a sturdy fighter against the excesses of union labor. Thanks to him, the question of the boycott against his company, the Buck's Stove and Range Company of St. Louis, was taken before the Supreme Court of the United States. When Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison, the officials of the American Federation of Labor, announced that they were superior to any decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States and continued to violate its injunctions not to boycott the Buck's Stove and Range Company, they were promptly sentenced to jail for contempt of court. Through the agency of the National Manufacturers' Association, Mr. Van Cleave waged a vigorous battle against such evils as the closed shop, the restriction of apprentices, the put-

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ting of needless men on a job, etc. He was not only against what he called "follies and vices of labor unions," but was also opposed to "tyrannical and unpatriotic practices of certain captains of industry," and fought the Trusts accordingly. He is entitled to a good deal of credit, even though he may have been an extremist in certain directions, for the progress we are making away from the boycott and the needless strike. No one can deny the force of his final statement that "policy can never replace principle; that the United States will never stand for the demagogue and the Socialist; that America is still America, and our Constitution and our judiciary are still our bulwark." It is right and just that labor should have earnest, enthusiastic, and able leaders; and it is equally proper that the employers of labor should have men like Mr. Van Cleave in their ranks, ready to test sound principles in the courts of law.

Forest fires have already opened the season in the West, and between now and November millions will thus be lost, as usual. Between these fires and the wood-pulp makers our forests are having a desperate struggle for existence. Germany is just now teaching an invaluable lesson. Her own forests no longer meet the home demand for wood pulp, and the trade depends largely on the supplies from Russia and Austria-Hungary. These, however, are far from inexhaustible, and the government, with its usual foresight, is making systematic efforts to find new fibres for the manufacture of paper. Careful investigation in the German African possessions has shown that they produce a large number of plants admirably adapted to serve as paper stock. A recent number of the *Consular and Trade Reports* describes some of these: among them sisal hemp, various wild grasses, rice straw, nettles, bamboo, papyrus, sedge reeds, palm leaves, Spanish broom. Banana stems yield an exceptionally good quality of fibre—67 per cent. of bleached pulp. A good grade of paper is also made of cotton bolls, every hundred pounds of cotton corresponding to about forty pounds of cellulose in the capsules. Of cotton bolls and banana fibre the supplies obtainable in this country are virtually inexhaustible. Why continue to exterminate our forests?

To those who have passed well into their second half-century, the name of Sir William Huggins in the obituary column of the newspapers will recall wistful memories of a shining time in the history of science. In the early seventies, when Darwinism was fighting for its place, when we were all reading Huxley's lay sermons and Tyndall's lectures, when the conservation of energy was a name to conjure with, and when the splendid discovery of Kirchhoff and Bunsen was still fresh enough for wonderment, the names of William Huggins and Norman Lockyer were the ones most familiar to English-speaking people in connection with the achievements of spectrum analysis in the domain of astronomy. Before the invention of that method, nothing could have seemed more hopelessly beyond the scope of man's possibilities than the discovery of the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies; and to this marvel was added the power of the same instrument of research to give us a new means of determining the actual motion of what are called the fixed stars. In all this domain, so inspiringly opened up to the eye of science, Huggins did notable work, which received ample recognition from the Royal Society and other bodies. His death at the age of eighty-six cannot fail to suggest the thought that few lives can be happier than that of a man placed beyond the reach of money cares, who devotes himself to some large and worthy object of intellectual interest.

Among the finest traditions of our history are those which cluster about the names of the two Polish patriots who bore an heroic part in the American Revolution, to whom statues have just been erected and dedicated at Washington. Pulaski fell in battle, fighting for American independence; Kosciuszko, after serving with signal distinction through our war, lived to lead his own countrymen in their noble struggle for freedom, and died in exile. It happens that the names of both are preserved in English poems which were among those most familiar to the children and young people of a generation ago—Longfellow's "Pulaski's Banner" and the stirring lines on Poland in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." It is well that the memory of these men should be preserved at the national capital; and well, too, that we should be reminded, on the occasion of the dedication of their statues, of the extraordinary spectacle of patriotic loyalty and enthusiasm which the history of Poland has presented in the century and a quarter during which the Polish people have been without a place among the nations.

The Associated Press correspondent in Havana confirms what was clearly deducible from the telegraphic dispatches in regard to the so-called negro uprising in Cuba. It now appears that there was not the slightest shadow of an excuse for arresting Gen. Estenoz and his fellow agitators. The whole thing is due to a scare on the part of the small, very small, President of Cuba. Gomez feared that the new negro party would go over to the Conservatives and thus give them the balance of power in next autumn's election, since the Liberals are for the present hopelessly divided into two camps, the followers of Gomez and those of Zayas. Gomez, therefore, arrested Estenoz and forty of his followers, and obtained their indictment—a very easy thing to accomplish in Cuba—and informed all the world that he had actually nipped in the bud a plot against his government. As a matter of fact, no weapons, with the exception of one revolver and one machete, were captured. There has not been found anywhere the slightest proof of the existence of any conspiracy. Tranquillity, the dispatches read, now reigns everywhere; but not, we fear, for long, with such a President as Gomez at the head of the Administration. Trouble may be looked for at any time, particularly within the ranks of the Liberal party.

The pictured faces of the Kings who are attending Edward VII's funeral show a predominant air of youthfulness. Frederick VIII of Denmark and George I of Greece are the patriarchs, and they are not very old. With them is the still youthful William II, juvenile kings like Haakon of Norway and Albert of Belgium, and such comparative infants as Alfonso of Spain and Manuel of Portugal. The average age of European monarchs has steadily declined during the last ten years, although out of eighteen ruling sovereigns in the year 1900, eleven were above forty-five, and eleven is still the number in 1910. The present lower average is accounted for by the

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smaller number of venerables in 1910 than in 1900. In that year Queen Victoria was not only more than forty-five years of age, but more than that by thirty-six years; Christian of Denmark was thirty-seven years beyond the mark; Oscar of Sweden was twenty-six years beyond; Leopold of Belgium was twenty years beyond. To-day the kings who are above forty-five exceed that line by only a few years, as in the case of Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Nicholas II, William II, and Gustav Adolph of Sweden. If the rule of the golden mean holds for kings, the destinies of Europe are at present well placed in the hands of men who are neither too young to be patient nor too old to be alert and resourceful.

It is the fashion in Tory circles to look upon Mr. John Redmond as being behind everything that now goes on in England. It has even been delicately hinted that Mr. Redmond, with Mr. Keir Hardie, was to an appreciable extent responsible for Edward VII's death by bringing on a difficult political situation over which it was known that the late King worried greatly. It is now asserted that Mr. Redmond is behind the movement for a revision of the British coronation oath. If the Irish Nationalists did not control the balance of power in Parliament, the assertion runs, the demand that the King's oath should be purged of all matter offensive to Roman Catholics and their spiritual head would never have arisen. In 1902 the Irish Nationalists were not in control of the House of Commons, and the same demand arose; but who nowadays looks back eight years? As a matter of fact, if the Irish Nationalists were really to force an alteration in the royal oath, it would be only proper that they should have been the ones to do so. It is conditions in Ireland that have shaped the attitude of the great majority of the British people towards Catholicism, just as they have influenced the course of British politics in general during the last one hundred years and more. There is no great fear of a Catholic revival in England. But the English people are very much concerned for the future of the Protestant minority in Ireland. Heal the ancient schism between Catholic and Orangeman, weld the two into one really united Ireland, and England's objections to a revised coronation oath and her objections even to Home Rule will disappear.

If it is true that Lord Kitchener is to receive the comparatively unimportant post at Malta because that is a good place to watch the Egyptian situation from, then the English army organization must be in as poor a state to-day as it was ten years ago when Roberts and Kitchener were hurled into South Africa to undo the results of unpreparedness and demoralization. If a Nationalist uprising in Egypt is as imminent a possibility as the Conservative press in England professes to think, why have not measures been taken accordingly? Why has not the English defence been put upon such a basis that whether England's best general was one day's distance from Alexandria or three days' distance would make no considerable difference? If we could imagine the German Government confronted with sudden oversea news that a revolt had broken out in one of her most important colonies, it would be a repetition of the traditional Moltke incident. The chief of the General Staff would say, "Pull out file number 53," and the plan for putting down the Egyptians would be found worked out to the minutest detail. But blundering, happy-go-lucky Britain must station her ablest general at Malta, like a watchful but unimaginative "bobby" on the lookout for infringers of the public peace. If one will go in for war and for ruling other peoples, one ought to play the game well.

The rapid development of northern Italian cities is one of the most interesting events of the time. Even romantic Venice is awakening to new activity. The rebuilding of the Campanile may be regarded as emblematic of the determination of the Venetians to renovate their city and recover some of their old glory. Venice will never again be the queen of the seas, the distributing point of the spices and treasures of the Orient. She lies outside the international ship lanes; it is from Genoa that the lines radiate East and West, to North and South America, to India and Australia. These vessels usually touch at Naples, often at Palermo, but not at Venice. And yet, as a redistribution point, the harbor of Venice now ranks second only to Genoa. The imports of coal are nearly seven times what they were three decades ago, and there is a similar increase in phosphates and other imports indicating agricultural and industrial progress. Tourists may not like the factory chimneys which, in the upper city, vie in height with the Campanile, and they are certainly right in objecting to the motor boats which are crowding out the gondolas; but they cannot help being impressed with other signs of new life and activity—the large new freight station at Mestre, the doubling in width of the railway bridge, the new quay at the Molo di Levante. Ruskin would have inveighed against all this; and yet, unless the Venetians amassed wealth in this way, would they be able to maintain their city as a mediæval museum?

Agrarian reform in Russia is making its painful way through the Duma and the Council of the Empire, scarcely noticed by the outside world, after the manner of all such profound changes. Yet the thing at stake is nothing less than a complete alteration in the social and economic status of Russia's vast peasant population. Specifically, it is a question of breaking up the *mir*, or village communal ownership, and putting in its place a system of individual land ownership; communal ownership is to make way for the peasant proprietor. This change was ordained by Imperial decree in November, 1906, at the instance of M. Stolypin, who is now seeking to secure the approval of the Duma and the Council of the Empire. The opposition to the scheme comes from a combination of the extreme Right and the radical Left. The landlord party views with apprehension the economic and moral effects of a sudden transition from a condition of primitive communal life to a régime of individual responsibility. And there should seem to be little doubt that many millions of peasants, untrained to the responsibilities of modern life, will speedily be separated from their lands, and go to form what it has been the Russian patriot's boast that his country, unlike Western Europe, does not know: a landless proletariat. It was only a narrow majority that M. Stolypin won in the Council of the Empire. Only by 90 votes to 88 did that body sanction the abolition of the *mir* and the individual apportionment of the land in those villages where there has been no redistribution since the edict of peasant emancipation in March, 1861.

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MR. TAFT'S EXPLANATION.

It is matter for sincere congratulation that President Taft has seen fit to make a formal statement of the facts concerning the preparation of his letter of September 13, exonerating Ballinger and authorizing him to discharge Glavis. Had he or his advisers had the good judgment to see the necessity of a frank statement of the facts when the question was first raised, or even within a reasonable time thereafter, nine-tenths of the pain and humiliation attending this disagreeable episode would have been avoided.

It is now two months since Mr. Brandeis began his persistent and untiring effort to get at the facts to which the President's statement relates. The object of that effort was perfectly simple and perfectly legitimate. Among the papers transmitted by the President to the Senate on January 6, in response to its request for "any reports, statements, papers, or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions" in the matter of the Glavis charges, was included an elaborate summary and opinion upon the case drawn up by Attorney-General Wickersham, dated September 11—two days before the date of the President's letter to Secretary Ballinger. Mr. Brandeis worked long and patiently to bring out the fact that this document was not before the President at the time that he wrote his letter, and therefore was not one of the "reports, statements, papers, or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions." It was not until last Thursday that this fact was admitted. On that day, Mr. Wickersham stated, in a letter to the chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House, that his summary and opinion had not been written until long after the date which it bore, but that it had been dated September 11, to correspond to the date on which the substance of what was contained in it had been communicated to the President, partly in oral form, partly in the shape of "rough notes." Now, if this proceeding was justifiable in the premises, if there was no reason to conceal it, why in Heaven's name has it taken weeks and weeks of dogged persistence on the part of Mr. Brandeis, and finally the prospect of a demand by the House of Representatives, to extract a confession of the fact from the Attorney-General?

There is another point to which the efforts of Mr. Brandeis have likewise been directed. He has tried again and again and again to ascertain whether Mr. Lawler, Assistant Attorney-General for the Department of the Interior, had taken to the President at Beverly any document that he may have made use of in framing his letter to Ballinger, and if so what was the nature of the document. It now appears from Mr. Taft's statement of Monday morning, that he had himself directed Mr. Lawler to prepare a letter as coming from him, the President. This was, in itself, an entirely legitimate proceeding. Mr. Taft states that he had arrived at his conclusions before giving these instructions, and that he commissioned Mr. Lawler, who was conversant both with the case and with Mr. Taft's opinion on it, to draw up the letter simply as the best means of saving labor. Speaking broadly, this kind of thing is done continually by presidents, whether of a railway company or of the United States. But if it was a perfectly legitimate thing to do in this instance, why, in the name of common sense, was the production of the Lawler document—even the acknowledgment that there was such a thing—resisted inch by inch, and accomplished finally only at the instant when the secret of its preparation was being (or had been) betrayed by one of the stenographers who had prepared it?

So much for the monumental and almost incredible blundering of which the Administration has been guilty in this matter. It remains to say a few words as to the nature of the facts themselves, irrespectively of the aggravation of them by the lamentable policy of concealment and delay. It has been sought to excuse the ante-dating on the plea that it is customary to attach to formal documents a date earlier than that upon which they are put into their final form. But this plea is quite irrelevant. Nobody has objected to the ante-dating as a mere matter of form. The objection is to the use made of that ante-dating. In relation to the Senate's request, the true date of the document was of the essence of the matter. What was explicitly desired from the President was "any reports, statements, papers, or documents upon which he acted in reaching his conclusions"; and the President stated that he had before him as one of those documents a detailed paper, covering 74 large printed pages, summarizing with care the whole case as submitted to him by the Attorney-General. It now appears that all he had got from the Attorney-General was an oral discussion and some "rough notes." Furthermore, all the time the Attorney-General had in which to examine the great mass of papers in the case (650 pages of print), digest it, and pass judgment, was at most ten or twelve hours; hence the idea that his conversation and "rough notes" could have been in any way equivalent to the 74 pages of elaborate summary and opinion is too preposterous to consider.

And, apart from this regrettable matter of the ante-dated summary, it is clear from the President's own statement that he himself could not have given to the matters in question the kind of investigation which their extent and complexity required. Ballinger and Lawler personally bring to him a mass of documentary matter prepared by themselves—all in typewriting, and forming, when printed in book form, 650 large pages—and talk it over with the President. His first impression of it, accordingly, is what these gentlemen, intensely desirous of a verdict in favor of Ballinger, give him. What happened next is this:

> I sat up until three o'clock that night reading the answers and exhibits; so that at my next conference I was advised of the contents of the entire record and had made up my mind that there was nothing in the charges upon which Mr. Ballinger or the others accused could be found guilty of either incompetency, inefficiency, disloyalty to the interests of the government or dishonesty.

It was therefore on the basis of this one night's work upon a great mass of intricate details that Mr. Taft substantially acted. It was upon that basis, and that of a talk with Lawler and Ballinger the following evening, that he directed Lawler to prepare "an opinion as if he were President." Whether he made much or little use of Lawler's draft is of small consequence; the damaging part of the Lawler matter is that it shows the President to have substantially decided the case on the basis of that one night's reading. He revolved it in his mind in the remaining days of that week, no doubt, and there can certainly be no doubt that he was glad to get Mr. Wickersham's judgment in the matter. But neither his own judgment nor Mr. Wickersham's was entitled to the weight

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that it carried with the public, because neither was made on any such basis of inquiry as it was given to the public to suppose.

That Mr. Taft was actuated by a desire to dispose of an ugly business, and that he thought he was acting with entire justice in it, we are fully persuaded. But he did either too much or too little. He had before him charges affecting the conduct of a department of the government in matters of great complexity; and either of two courses was open to him. He might have refused serious standing to the charges, and asserted his entire confidence in Ballinger by dismissing them, on the general merits of the situation, as not worthy of detailed consideration. Or he might have ordered a full and thoroughgoing consideration of them by trained officers of the Department of Justice, and, after considering and reviewing their findings, have passed final judgment. Unfortunately he sought to combine the facility of the former process with the finality of the latter. The result has been the deplorable and mortifying mess in which he and the Attorney-General have been floundering.

DISCUSSING THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

The second annual National Negro Conference for the discussion of the negro problem, which met in New York last week, set itself high and worthy aims—to do for this race what the Lake Mohonk Conference has done for the Indian. Southerners as well as Northerners have spoken this year, as last, and colored men and women as well as white. All shades of opinion have found utterance, that out of the multitude of counsel some progress might be made in bringing the actual facts before the country and in demanding redress for undoubted grievances. This year the discussions were concerned with disfranchisement—how disfranchisement affects the negro in the courts, in the schools, at the ballot-box, and in his other relations to the communities in which he dwells. Eventually, it is hoped that out of this Conference will grow a bureau or scientific committee for investigations; a legal aid department for the race; a publicity department to lay before the country the actual facts as to the astounding progress of the negro in less than fifty years, and the law-abiding character of the colored people as a whole. Meanwhile, however, the Conference, in its resolutions of last year, demands of Congress and the Executive:

(1.) That the Constitution be strictly enforced and the civil rights guaranteed under the Fourteenth Amendment be secured impartially to all.

(2.) That there be equal educational opportunities for all and in all the States, and that public-school expenditure be the same for the negro and white child.

(3.) That in accordance with the Fifteenth Amendment the right of the negro to the ballot on the same terms as other citizens be recognized in every part of the country.

As to the wisdom of this course there is naturally a marked difference of opinion. One of our contemporaries has already described the Conference as "an unwise movement"; in other quarters the argument is made that any discussion of the debated points, particularly the political discriminations against the race, is "unwise," especially at this time, when so many high-minded Southerners are resolutely standing up for the negro's right to lift himself out of the slough of ignorance and ineffectiveness. From the argument that this is a close season for discussing the wrongs of ten millions of Americans, the *Nation* has repeatedly expressed its dissent. For the argument of expediency and compromise it has no sympathy. It has yet to learn that a demand that the Constitution of the United States be no longer nullified can be out of place or out of time. There is never an hour in this great democracy when it is not right and proper to plead for justice, for equality before the law and at the ballot-box, for the keeping of the national faith.

There need be no fear that frank, or even radical, utterances will retard seriously any movement in the South for the benefit of the negro. The truth has never hurt anybody who walks in the path of righteousness; it has never yet held back any unselfish humanitarian undertaking. Erroneous individual opinion, the mistaken zeal of the enthusiast—these may cause dissent and friction, may arouse bitter controversies. But agitation is precisely what is needed. The sound, sober thought of this democracy invariably distinguishes the chaff from the grain. It was a witty woman of the uncompromising band of ante-bellum Abolitionists, Maria Weston Chapman, we believe, who remarked that the Lord made use of tools in that cause which she herself would not touch with a forty-foot pole. Yet all of them, radical and conservative together, rendered a great service to their country. The real question is, after all, the *spirit* in which the matter is approached.

That this great negro problem, with all its complexities, its amazing contradictions, its delicate ramifications, is sadly in need of scientific approach, is all too evident. To the Northerner, the Southerner denies all right to pass upon the subject, because he has not lived South. But the very man who takes this position may himself know the negro problem only from the point of view of a narrow Alabama village and be quite ignorant of its varying phases in Mississippi, or Louisiana, or Virginia, or Texas, and he usually is grossly ignorant of the legal status of the black man all over the South. For the Northerner it is an easy retort that those who are face to face with a momentous social difficulty are often too close to it to have any perspective, or to be able to view it as a whole. And a trained observer like Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, who spoke to the Conference last Saturday evening, or Ray Stannard Baker, who read a paper last Thursday, may often acquire more knowledge of the issues in a year in the South than a resident of Montgomery in a life-time. All of this simply emphasizes the desirability of facts, facts, and facts; it is a question not to be decided by prejudice on either side. Any agency which will effect this ought to be acclaimed and welcomed, particularly if it be considered that, barring some work done under Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois's direction for Atlanta University and the United States Census, no scientific inquiry into the problem has gone on anywhere. There are persons of consequence who demand a national bureau in Washington for the study of the social and economic status of the child. If this is needed, surely a bureau for studying the negro race is even more in order.

And not merely because of the negro. As the Conference pointed out last year, his wrongs bear most heavily upon those whites nearest to him in the social and economic scale. His disfranchisement has been followed by the disfranchisement of thousands upon thousands of whites, so that less than half the white men of voting age in Ala-

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bama passed upon the recent prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the State. Grievous as is the lot of the oppressed, that of the oppressor is the worse in the long run—so often is he compelled to commend to his own lips the poisoned chalice. Hence we have no hesitation in saying that the National Negro Conference's title is misleading; it ought to be known also as an undertaking on behalf of the millions of Poor Whites of the South. Disfranchised, often degraded, lacking in many communities the enterprise of the negro, pitifully ignorant, they are often the easy prey of demagogues whose whole stock in trade is the menace of the negro. But upon the welfare and efficiency of the negro depend the economic prosperity and progress of the entire South.

GROWTH IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The year 1910 is the centennial of national independence for the greater part of Spanish America. The richest and most powerful of Spain's former colonies in South America was also the first to unfurl the banner of revolt. On May 25, 1810, the provinces on the La Plata, under stress of French invasion in the mother country and English invasion at home, organized a junta of their own. That event is to be celebrated by an entire week of national holiday-making, opening on the twenty-second of this month and followed, in the beginning of June, by the opening of an international exposition at Buenos Ayres. Officially and predominantly, the exposition will be the International Exhibition of Railways and Land Transport; but annexed to it will be international exhibitions of agriculture, arts, and hygiene, and a national exhibition of industry. The recent growth of Argentina has been such as to disprove many facile generalizations about the decadence of the Latin race. Given equally favorable conditions of climate and natural resources, the Latin peoples who make up the population of Argentina have demonstrated their ability to keep pace with the self-complacent Anglo-Saxon. If the people of Argentina have given way of late to the intoxication of their own achievements, excuse for their exuberance is not wanting.

Argentina and Canada are the two "booming" pioneer nations of the American continent. A short statistical parallel between the two will establish the point just made regarding the rate of Latin-American progress. In 1901 Canada had a population of 5,371,000; today, reckoning on the basis of the same percentage of increase as obtained between 1891 and 1901, the Canadian population must be between six and a quarter and six and a half millions. Argentina in 1895 had a population of 3,955,000. On the first of January, 1910, the officially estimated population was 6,805,000. The two nations, therefore, are, in numerical strength, almost equal. Both are fed by huge streams of immigration, but though Canada within the last two or three years has been drawing the heavier numbers, Argentina still has a higher proportion of foreign-born among her population. Of Canada's 5,370,000 in the year 1901, just 700,000 were born abroad. Of Argentina's 6,800,000 in the present year, one and three-quarter millions were foreign-born. Of these the Italians numbered 844,000, Spaniards 424,000, French 105,000, English 26,300, Austrians 24,700, Germans 23,700. In point of numbers, the non-Latin element is proportionately not much more important in Argentina than the Latin element is in the United States.

With fairly equal populations, how do Argentina and Canada compare in economic growth? Only a few general figures can be cited. In the five years between 1902 and 1907 the mileage of Canadian railways increased from 18,868 to 22,452; in the five years from 1905 to 1910 the mileage of the Argentine railways increased from 13,000 to 17,000. In the latter year the invested capital was estimated at $900,000,000. Federal revenue in Canada within the years 1902-06 rose from $58,000,000 to $80,000,000, or about 38 per cent. Federal revenue in Argentina during the years 1903-07 rose from $75,000,000 to $107,000,000, or about 43 per cent. In 1900 the total of imports and exports for Canada and Argentina were, respectively, $320,000,000 and $259,000,000; in 1905, the figures were $453,000,000 and $509,000,000; Argentina had made an increase of 96 per cent. in five years and taken the lead. In 1908, the figures were: Canada, $604,000,000, and Argentina, $638,000,000. The record of the last decade shows, therefore, the South American republic moving forward in population, transportation, and foreign trade at a faster rate than the nation we have fallen into the habit of looking upon as the infant phenomenon among English-speaking peoples.

But there is one important factor that must be taken into account. It may be true that numerically the non-Latin element in Argentina is of about the same importance as the Latin element in our own country. In their respective influence on the national life, however, there can be no comparison. British and German capital and British and German industrial and commercial leadership have played a most important part in the economic development of Argentina. And to that very important extent the remarkable growth of that republic is not as exclusively a product of Latin energy as the ethnic make-up of the population might tend to indicate. There is tacit recognition of this fact in the very circumstance that the centennial of Argentine independence is to be commemorated primarily by an International Railway Exhibition. Why a railway exhibition? Because it is in Argentine railways more than in any other form of national enterprise that foreign capital, and, in particular, English and German capital, is closely interested. European railway investments in Argentina run into the hundreds of millions, and the fifty thousand Britons and Germans in Argentina are there as the representatives of so much invested wealth.

Yet with all allowance for the English and Teuton influence, Argentina remains a Latin country. She is as much so in the spirit of her civilization as in the character of her people. Argentina takes pride in speaking of herself as the most promising of the young-born of the Latin race on this side of the Atlantic, destined to demonstrate the vitality and capacities of that race as our own country has done for the North European stocks, and destined to work out the spirit of the Latin civilization under the favorable auspices of a new world. Argentina looks to France and Italy for her literature, her art, her music, and receives their great men with high distinction. Buenos Ayres models herself closely upon Paris, and in more than one way succeeds. Take her all in all, Argentina presents quite a different picture from the Spanish-American republic of current tradition.

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PAST AND FUTURE OF JOHNS HOPKINS.

When the Johns Hopkins University opened its doors, thirty-four years ago, its endowment of three and a half million dollars was looked upon as a wonderful start for a new institution. Not as great as the then existing endowment of one or two of the old universities, it was far greater than any sum that had ever, up to that time, been placed at the disposal of an institution of learning, by private munificence, at a single stroke. With freedom to utilize their resources in whatever way they thought best, the trustees were at once confronted with the question whether they should take a local or a national view of their great opportunity. The path of least resistance would have been to build up another big American college, attracting large numbers of undergraduates, and doing at Baltimore what Harvard and Yale and Princeton were doing further North. Had they followed this course, they would doubtless have met with ample success, and especially with that kind of success which is measured by large figures in the college register. There would have been at Baltimore a fine college, with a large and rapidly growing body of prosperous alumni scattered over the country, and with true university work represented only in that fragmentary way in which it was to be found in our other institutions of learning.

But the trustees of Johns Hopkins rose to a higher view of their opportunity. They determined to make the new university an instrument for rendering to the whole nation a signal service. They undertook to introduce in our country the methods and standards of the great universities of Europe. To this conclusion they came after an earnest consultation with Mr. Gilman, before his acceptance of the presidency; and to it they loyally adhered when the university was put into operation. Bold as the project seemed to many at the time, it was attended with immediate and brilliant success. American science and scholarship were placed on a new plane; in the course of fewer years than any one would have supposed possible, the standards of the leading American universities were brought up to the European level. Systematic research in every department of human knowledge gradually became a fully recognized function of our universities. Before the advent of Johns Hopkins, it had seemed part of the order of nature that these things belonged to Germany or France, but that America must be content to take the results which European investigators had obtained. The time, indeed, was ripe for a change; but it might have been twenty years longer in coming, had not Johns Hopkins University taken the honorable and clear-cut stand that it did.

What seemed a remote possibility before it was accomplished has often a way of seeming a matter of course after it has become a familiar possession. If anybody is inclined to take that view of the advance in university work brought about by Johns Hopkins, let him consider what happened seventeen years later, when the Johns Hopkins Medical School was opened. The subject of medical education was a matter of intimate concern to everybody, and everybody knew that medical education in America was in an extremely backward condition. The habit of giving great sums of money to universities, too, had grown wonderfully in the interval; had there been a genuine realization of what was needed, and a genuine and sharply-defined desire to accomplish it, the money would easily have been forthcoming. And yet it remained for Johns Hopkins—which had to wait for the modest sum of $500,000 necessary for the purpose—to do in the field of medical education what it had already done in the general field. How signal was the service thus again rendered to the nation may be judged from the way in which President Eliot has referred to it. "The prodigious advancement of medical teaching which has resulted from the labors of the Johns Hopkins faculty of medicine" is an achievement, said the president of Harvard, which must "be counted as one of superb beneficence." And no one who knows the way in which the work of the Johns Hopkins medical school has been elevating medical teaching throughout the country during the past seventeen years can doubt the justice of this tribute.

To continue its beneficent career in full vigor, to maintain the quality of its work, and to expand in the directions indicated by the needs of the time, the Johns Hopkins University needs a liberal addition to its endowment. By its very merit, it has, in a great measure, cut itself off from the source of supply that is most prolific in the case of other universities. It has turned out no large number of rich alumni; its graduates are engaged chiefly in scientific and professional work, a large proportion of them in the work of teaching. Neither has it made that kind of appeal to local patriotism which the big college naturally makes. Its work has been truly national; and yet the contributions it has received thus far have come, virtually entirely, from its home city. There have been a number of handsome individual gifts and bequests, and there was, several years ago, a generous subscription of a million dollars, to which hundreds of Baltimoreans contributed, to make good losses sustained through the original investment in Baltimore and Ohio stock. It is eminently right, therefore, that the friends of the university should now make an appeal for support from the country at large. They propose to raise two million dollars, and there should be no doubt of their early success in doing so. To give to Johns Hopkins is to give not to Baltimore, but to the nation. Its work has redounded signally to the honor and the benefit of the country; and the spirit in which that work has been carried on in the past is the spirit that rules the present of the institution.

MALICIOUS ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Nature usually asserts herself sharply against all perfectionist theory. It is not surprising, therefore, that the sect whose chief tenet is the non-existence of evil should be greatly troubled by evil in the aggressive form of "malicious animal magnetism." This pseudo-scientific term means nothing more than that enemies, generally of the same faith, may, though at a distance, injure the mind of the sufferer. It is the reverse of the beneficent "absent treatment" by which disease may be cured by a remote "mental healer." Under the terror of such projected maleficence, several unhappy persons have committed suicide. The orthodox might be tempted to hail these tragedies as evidence that the human mind and the visible order of things require a devil. And it is impossible not to mark the significance of a monistic creed which asserts the sole existence of God and

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good, beginning to assume the familiar dualistic form. The devil's work which is believed to be in progress should before long produce a robust credence in a diabolical first cause. But before malicious animal magnetism be accepted as an uncovenanted ally of Christian dualism its nature should be narrowly scrutinized. Is it a new thing or is it merely one of those new names which human nature interposes between itself and past experience, in order that life may be kept fresh and unguided by the accumulated wisdom of the race?

To the sufferers, doubtless, malicious animal magnetism looks like a new and mysterious hazard of the soul. But if a case had been presented to a seventeenth-century magistrate of the Colony of Massachusetts or of Lancashire, he would have known all about it, would have pronounced it a common case of witchcraft, and, had any respectable evidence been produced against the offender, would unhesitatingly have condemned the witch to the gallows. A Neapolitan sorceress of to-day would probably refine upon this diagnosis. The trouble might be a simple case of evil eye. If the affliction were what is called the "death thought," it would rather be caused by specific charms, piercing some effigy or symbol of the victim with nails, or the like. Safeguards and antidotes would be forthcoming for a fee, and in this respect latter-day magic seems more humane and efficacious than some of our newer transcendental religions. If this apparently new phenomenon were referred to an alienist, he would promptly class it as a symptom of incipient insanity, being merely a form of the classic delusion of persecution. In some common-sense way he would urge the sufferer to clear his mind of such dangerous nonsense, and if the patient responded to that good advice, undoubtedly the malicious animal magnetism would cease to operate.

The spectacle of an ideal and highly benevolent faith spontaneously developing some of the ugliest superstitions of the past, and in the name of mental health actually undermining the intellects of certain of the faithful, is to the historical student of religions both pathetic and instructive. Here he will see, as under the lens, the inevitable contamination of creeds by the fears and prejudices of weaker humanity. Here is a cult beginning to stultify itself within a generation of its foundation and within the lifetime of the founder. The great religions, those that rest on some ultimately sound ethical idea, have remarkable powers of reaction and recuperation, but even they almost never recover their pure estate, and it may be doubted if Christian Science has the force to extirpate evils that are palpably of its own breeding.

Not only in the newest religion, but in all wholly optimistic or perfectionist creeds, there lurks the danger that the mind, as it is calmed and reassured, may be also relaxed. Such deliberate waiver of the conscious and logical processes is, indeed, usually regarded as a virtue. Thus the believer may be possessed by the infinite thought, attain to divine frenzy, receive the Holy Ghost, as the case may be. But what the mystic takes for the working of higher powers will too commonly be the turbid undulations of his own spirit, the disorderly and appalling operations of a mind that has voluntarily renounced all principle of control. History has seen the phenomenon many times repeated. Throughout the thirteenth century maniacal bands infested France and Italy, either in search of or in actual communication with the Holy Ghost. Such fanatics had to be dealt with not merely as heretics, but as enemies of the common peace. We see to-day on a much attenuated scale the morbid and unregulated emotionalism that in an age of universal superstition expressed itself collectively. In fact, the notion of a projected malign influence is an evident step towards moral and mental suicide. It may be said that all creeds, when perverted, lend themselves to such self-destroying idolatry of the cave. But this is not true. The more mystical faiths, those that reject the customary rational processes and contemn the verdicts of common sense, are especially liable to such perversion. Sow an ecstasy that borders on hysteria or a complacency that grazes imbecility, and you have a seed that will sprout rankly into derangements of which the belief in malicious animal magnetism is merely one of many varieties.

There is happily a defensive and prophylactic principle in the mind by which most persons who profess the preposterous will, after all, generally rule their living, contrary to their standards, in accordance with common experience and usage. But the burden and the peril of such religions upon weak and ill-balanced souls are evidently excessive, and such religions will and must intensify and even produce precisely those maladies of the spirit which it is their appointed mission to heal.

THE COMET.

Outside of newspaper circles we doubt whether there is much fear of the deadly cyanogen in the gases of the tail of the comet to which Halley first gave a local habitation and a name. People are scanning the midnight heavens at present, not in terror, but in curiosity. Nor is it idle curiosity at that. Consider what it means to our shrieking, red-lettered, yellow-journalized civilization to be confronted with a phenomenon that really comes only once in a life-time. Birth alone comes as infrequently, and death does; but at neither of these rare events in his life is the average man in a position to speculate on its meaning. The comet stirs in him something of that sacred awe which is not even approximated in the shop-girl's "awful." It is awe at vast distances, and at the infinities of time in which Halley's comet ticks off the seconds at intervals of three-quarters of a century. There are very few other things within one's consciousness or knowledge that beat with so slow a pulse. Kings die every little while, Presidents and Governors come and go, fashions in women's hats come every year, religious cults in Boston come every two or three years, political panaceas spring from the oven piping hot with the months, literary reputations flash up and subside with the weeks. To the vast majority of us the comet has something of that terribly overworked quality, the awful, because it is really that other terribly overworked thing, unique.

The sense of awe is with us to-day, even though Paris is planning comet parties, at which men are requested to appear in evening dress of pale blue, and ladies in gowns of the color of the firmament. That is but our light-hearted modern way of concealing sentiment. Were it known for a certainty that the comet was bringing the world's end with it, the Rue de la Paix might be advertising the latest thing in ascension robes, and hostesses might be arranging cotillons at which the favors would be miniatures of Gabriel's horn in gold. For

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even the frivolity of life to-day is permeated with a sense of the reign of law. It is impossible to discern the wrath of an offended Power in an instrument whose periodical recurrence is foretold by the mind of man. If Halley's comet is ever to hurl sinful humanity into destruction, it must have been destined for that service from the moment that the clockwork of its orbit was first set into motion. But that again is law, and to strive against it is to strive against the inevitable. There is no greater cruelty involved in man's being blotted out by the noxious gases of Halley's comet than by the ultimate exhaustion of the sun's heat which astronomers have described as inevitable. If anything, the slower method will probably be the harder to bear.

But even those persons who confess to a certain degree of superstition need not quake overmuch at the sight of the comet. The list of notable events in mundane history of which Halley's comet was a witness is not a very convincing one. The fall of Quebec, the defeat of Harold by William the Conqueror, at Hastings, and the invasion of Gaul by Attila are not proof positive of the malignity of Halley's comet. It is to be noted that if Quebec fell and Hastings was lost and Gaul was invaded, there was somebody who captured Quebec, and won Hastings, and led the invading Huns. From the point of view of Gen. Wolfe and William the Norman and Attila the Hun, Halley's comet made a very comfortable neighbor. In any case, it is not difficult to start from any date and go back or forward by seventy-five-year intervals to find sufficiently important occurrences to serve the needs of superstition. If Halley's comet had appeared to Frenchmen the year when the States-General met at Versailles, it would also have appeared to them about the year of the battle of Sadowa, which meant much to them, and about the year of the death of Louis XIV, and of the appointment of Richelieu as first minister to Louis XIII. Or we might take any portentous date in our own history, such as 1896, when William Jennings Bryan delivered his first great speech, and, going back by Halley periods, encounter the Missouri Compromise and the fall of Louisburg.

And the year 1910 may well supply more than one dramatic coincidence with the appearance of our distinguished celestial visitor. The future historian may have an opportunity to date the beginning of the fall of the British Empire from the death of Edward VII. Or he may point out that Halley's comet and the Ultimate Consumer in the United States came into public notice at about the same time. The comet's appearance has been coincident with the obscuration, permanent or temporary, of Uncle Joe Cannon, Gen. Estrada of Nicaragua, and Mme. Palladino; and it missed Dr. Cook by only a few months. If, therefore, it has brought evil, it has also brought good. Halley's comet may be an omen, but, in the light of the facts just stated, it is undeniably a relief as well.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The following notes referring to several privately printed books and publications of book clubs issued within the past three or four months, may be of interest to collectors.

J. M. Andreini has prepared and printed privately a descriptive catalogue of the book-plates engraved by the late J. Winifred Spenceley. There is a preface by Mrs. Spenceley, also a short bibliography by Mr. Andreini, with remarks on plates engraved for E. D. French, and with extracts from Mr. French's letters. The catalogue is the fullest thus far prepared, and supersedes the three earlier lists. The plates are described, and all "states" known to exist are enumerated. The volume has been printed in an edition of one hundred copies.

Adrian H. Joline of this city has printed, as a pamphlet of 109 pages, for private distribution, an interesting study of Francis Jeffrey, under the title of "A Famous Reviewer."

George A. Stephen, assistant librarian of the St. Pancras Public Library of London, has collected a series of articles which he contributed in 1909 to the *British and Colonial Printer and Stationer*, on the subject of Commercial Bookbinding, with the processes and the machines used. Seventy illustrations and diagrams are included.

F. D. Phinney, superintendent of the American Baptist Mission Press, Rangoon, has printed a little pamphlet of 100 pages descriptive of that press and its work, and showing a specimen of the Burmese types recently cut for the use of the press.

The thirty-first annual Year Book of the Société des Amis des Livres contains, besides reports, by-laws, and the other usual information, a list of the twenty-five volumes published by the society since its incorporation in 1876. Nothing seems to have been issued since 1908. The edition is always very limited—generally about 115 copies are printed—and the society's publications very seldom appear in American auction rooms.

The Bibliophile Society has recently issued a volume containing three unpublished orations by John Fiske. These comprise "The Discovery of the Columbia River," delivered at Astoria, Ore., 1892; "Crispus Attucks," delivered in Boston in 1888, and the "Columbus Memorial," delivered in Boston in 1892. Four hundred and eighty-nine copies were printed. Another publication of the society, a little book printed on vellum, 489 copies, has the title "John Keats, Unpublished Poem to His Sister Fanny, April, 1818." The manuscript of this poem was purchased by the society for $1,100, and presented to Mr. Bixby. Fanny Keats was born in 1803, when John Keats was eight years old. Another work, described as "printed privately and offered for subscription only to members of the Bibliophile Society," is the "Travels of John Davis in the United States of America, 1798 to 1802," and is in two volumes, octavo, finely printed on Van Gelder paper. A bibliography is spoken of in the preface as "printed in the appendix," but there is no appendix.

Vol. X of the "Transactions of the Bibliographical Society," published in March, includes the proceedings from October, 1908, to March, 1909, and contains, among other articles, a bibliography of the "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antonius," by J. Wickham Legg; a bibliography of Petronius, by Steven Gaselee, and a classified list of bibliographical books published since the foundation of the Bibliographical Society in 1893, compiled by R. A. Peddie.

The Club of Odd Volumes of Boston has recently issued to members a book printed at the Essex House Press, with title, "The Private Press: A Study in Idealism, to Which Is Added a Bibliography of the Essex House Press, by C. R. Ashbee." The volume contains eighty-six pages quarto, and is bound in Kelmscott boards. One hundred and twenty-seven copies were printed, of which fifty were reserved for subscribers to the publications of the Essex House Press. The essay as printed is, in substance, an address delivered by Ashbee before the Club of Odd Volumes, in February, 1909. A private press, as defined by Mr. Ashbee, is "a press whose objective is, first of all, an æsthetic one, a press that, if it is to have real worth, challenges support on a basis of standard, caters for a limited market, and is not concerned with the question of the commercial development of printing by machinery."

Mr. Ashbee and his associates in the organization of the Essex House Press secured from the estate of William Morris all the plant of the Kelmscott Press, excepting only the types and wood blocks. The principal compositors and pressmen of the Kelmscott Press have been employed, the same manufacturer has made the paper, and the same artists have cut the blocks. Such wood-cuts as have appeared in the Essex House Press books, and could be used in the present volume, are here printed. These include work by Walter Crane, Laurence Housman, William Strang, Reginald Savage, and others. One of the initials used in the Supplement to the Edward VII Prayer Book contains a vignette portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, but the name is mispelled "Rooseveldt" in the legend and in the bibliography.

The Doves Press, conducted by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, announces for publication in June the second part of Goethe's "Faust." Two hundred and fifty copies are to be printed on paper, and twenty-five on vellum. All of the latter are already subscribed for.

Mr. De Vinne's work on "Fifteenth Cen-

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tury Printers of Italy," just published by the Grolier Club of this city, will be noticed next week.

Correspondence.

THE DRIFT IN AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Taft's recent speech at Pittsburgh, in praise of Mr. Knox's foreign policy, ought to stir every one to careful thought. Does it not threaten, doubtless with fair intentions, to be an arrogant and meddlesome policy?

In the first place, observe what we are undertaking in Central and South America. The President thinks it a matter of pride to use the vast power and influence of the national government to help get shipbuilding contracts for the men in the steel business. Is it not possible that this may be a cause of shame? We send a fleet around the world on exhibition for the weaker nations, and then follow it by persuading Argentina to set up a little fleet, quite possibly on borrowed money. Will the money be loaned by New York bankers? I submit that it is immensely perilous business, when the United States uses governmental influence to saddle other and poorer peoples with the burden of building battleships. Is it not somewhat like the old-fashioned business of selling muskets and gunpowder to the Indians?

Moreover, we seem to be fairly launched upon the enterprise of using the government for the collection of debts in the countries south of us. Naturally the big interests which seek to exploit new countries are pleased to look to Uncle Sam benevolently to guarantee their ventures. Are we not doing enough for these interests at home with high tariffs and other favors, without going into business for them abroad? We ought to be able to see where the precedent already established in Santo Domingo, of running other nations' custom houses, inevitably leads. It means a kind of protectorate, with a responsibility over the conduct of another people, leading the easy way toward some kind of annexation, at our convenience. All this is for the money power, and not because we love the people whose taxes we benevolently collect.

I heard a high official of the United States, when asked whether our present policy, for instance, in the Philippines, did not logically carry us to the control of South and Central America, reply: "I should not mind it a bit." No wonder, when such ideas are in the air, that South American states think it necessary to order Dreadnoughts!

I am aware how patriotic it sounds to promise to protect American citizens and guard their property wherever they go on the planet. It would not be difficult to raise a war cry over some injustice in the treatment of Americans abroad, while we quietly tolerate exactly such injustices when perpetrated at home. Where have Americans abroad suffered greater indignity than Italians and Chinese have borne in our own country, often without redress? If any Latin-American State had treated a citizen of ours with as cruel wrong as our authorities meted out to the *bona fide* American citizen, Mr. Ju Toy, I fear where our resentment might have carried us.

No nation is as yet civilized enough, and free of blood on its own skirts, to venture to set itself over other states, as the lordly elder brother to keep the others in order. But this is just the trend of our foreign policy in South and Central America. Why should not people who go into half-civilized parts of the world, or embark their business ventures under feeble governments, take their own risks? They are sure to behave better so, than when they put on the arrogant airs of men who can summon ships to their defence. Are we sorry that Livingstone and Stanley had to make their own way in the heart of Africa? Has it ever been well for missionaries to the most degraded peoples to be followed up by bombarding gunboats? The fact is, among the more civilized nations, the American traveller or merchant is as safe to-day as he is at home, and, if honorable himself, needs no police protection from Washington. Whereas, everywhere on the fringes of civilization, including plenty of places in the territory of the United States, it is impossible completely to guard heedless, hot-tempered, venturesome, and *especially greedy and unscrupulous individuals*. Our present policy threatens the rise of serious and embarrassing complications over some drunken brawl in Callao, or the failure of a Latin-American court to satisfy one of our exploiting syndicates.

Mr. Taft is warm in praise of Secretary Knox's attitude on the question of the "open door" in the East. We all like the open door—for ourselves. Does President Taft really mean to hint, as his words imply, that this nation stands ready to impose its doctrine of an "open door" in Manchuria or China, and even to go to the length of breaking the peace of the world, over a matter of a few petty millions of dollars of trade? Is there any conceivable difference, that could arise between our government and that of Japan, or Russia, or Germany, touching privileges of commerce, to warrant the intervention or even the threat of war? Will the United States remain the greatest dog-in-the-manger in the world at keeping its trade to itself, and *have no bowels of mercy for the other animals who like their little mangers?*

In speaking of our foreign policy, I used the word "drift" advisedly. No mere private citizen should be inhospitable to any light which may alter his views upon the colossal subjects with which modern statecraft has to deal. Grant that those of us, who now look upon our present foreign policy with grave apprehension, may be mistaken; grant that we do wisely to let our national government arrange loans at Peking for syndicates of bankers, and go touting in Montevideo for battleships in behalf of the ship-building industry; grant that we might well take over the custom houses of half a dozen states, and meet the further consequences of responsibility for millions more of people; grant that we ought to set up Gibraltars in the Pacific and be ready to fight for the entrance of oil and sundries into Manchuria; grant even that we might need to dispatch battleships to Constantinople, or march an *army to Damascus to rescue a missionary*, or one of our newly naturalized Syrian citizens; grant all you please in favor of an active and aggressive foreign policy, my point is, that we are at present merely drifting into it, without due and deliberate consideration. Under the forms of a democratic government, we have the extraordinary spectacle of two or three men in the executive department, quietly, and, perhaps, unconsciously, shaping the foreign policy of a great nation, without apparently having taken pains to think out the real significance of their course, much less to weigh the possibility of a wiser and more patriotic, and, perhaps, more "Christian" alternative. Meanwhile, the deliberative body in our government merely looks on and is silent. Hardly any warning or questioning views are raised. The Senate, notoriously sensitive to its treaty-making rights, allows, without protest, the establishing of precedents in international matters even more vital than most treaties deal with. The nation, which can scarcely let a draw-bridge be interfered with without action by Congress, throws into the lap of a single man the power to send a costly fleet around the world, to let words go out from the State Department which might kindle irremediable war, or to moor ships with a menace in the port of a friendly state. Is it not time for the American people to wake up, and at least take notice where we are moving? If the motion is right, ought it not to be deliberate, so that we may know that we are right?

Charles F. Dole.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., May 9.

PENSIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Thank you for your editorial on pensions in your issue of May 5. Remembering well and having somewhat participated in that fine enthusiasm which, in the earlier calls of 1861, brought volunteers in excess of the requisition; recalling the ardent love of country and unreserved devotion to it then expressed, I can think of no contrast meaner and more degrading than the perpetual whine and holding out of the hat, especially during the past thirty years, ostensibly in behalf of such soldiers and patriots. I am fain to believe that the chief backers to the pension agents and other middlemen in such applications come from "volunteers" of 1864, not to speak of the "bounty-jumpers," men who enlisted upon receiving a sum of money with the intention of deserting at the earliest opportunity and of repeating the process—I have known of cases when they were in the ranks less than six hours, and then, under another name, became candidates for another "bounty." Such men then made a trade of patriotism, and possibly have resumed it in more peaceful times. In those early days true men did not stand upon their "rights," but threw themselves to the fore unreservedly, with all their hearts. Yet they knew what we have apparently forgotten, that their country had a *right* to call them to arms—as clear and as full a right as to take their property by taxation—and that they had no greater right to claim largess from their country because they had served her under arms than had those who paid war taxes, because they thus impoverished themselves in contributing to the same desired result. Not one of us begrudges a pension bestowed upon any crippled by wounds or by a disease certainly ascribable

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to the service. This, indeed, might be considered as implicitly a part of the contract for their support made at the time of enlistment; further than this they have no right or claim. Neither has Congress or a majority party a moral right to be generous with the nation's funds. They stand as trustees; and a trustee for a minor or a widow has as clear a right to use his ward's money in doles to beggars as has Congress to bestow largess from money wrung from poor and rich through taxation. Our countrymen are not niggardly or ungenerous, and had voluntary subscriptions been asked for exceptional cases beyond the legitimate powers of the nation's trustee, undoubtedly such call would have been liberally responded to by others and by the millionaires who survive among the veterans. T. E. C.

Baltimore, Md., May 7.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that military pensions and other allowances after retirement to civil life should be based upon the public benefit reasonably to be expected therefrom. Grateful recognition of past service is not properly transmuted into coin unless there is a fair chance of profit to the whole community in the transaction. As bearing upon my theory of the matter, I quote from Sir Henry Maine's "Popular Government" (Essy ii) a few sentences expressing what looks to me like truth, and what will be conceded to be at least the honest judgment of a careful and able investigator. He says:

> The first necessity of a State is that it should be durable. . . . Next perhaps to the paramount duty of maintaining national existence comes the obligation incumbent on democracies, as on all governments, of securing the national greatness and dignity, . . . and the government which fails to provide a sufficient supply of generals and statesmen, of soldiers and administrators . . . is a government which has miscarried. . . . If the choice has to be made, and if there is any real connection between democracy and liberty, it is better to remain a nation capable of displaying the virtues of a nation than even to be free.

Perhaps this country may never again need to call upon the most vigorous of its citizens to become soldiers in its service. It does not appear unwise, however, to take such obvious measures as will be likely to facilitate the making of armies, in the case of armies being some time needed. Men do not (as a general rule) get themselves "stormed at with shot and shell" or exposed to the vicissitudes of heat, frost, and fatigue because they like it. Patriotism is often a sufficient inducement, but pecuniary inducements have always been offered, in addition, to the persons chosen by the government as the most desirable for such bounties (usually commanders rather than actual fighters), *pour encourager les autres.*

In America such prizes have been given to the rank and file for the apparent reason that the award would tend to insure the existence of a rank and file in time of need. The details of the distribution may not commend themselves to many of us, but the intention is good. Some think that a modification of the present methods so as to make them tend to induce enlisted men to remain in the service more than ninety days, and to comport themselves in such wise as to obtain commissions as officers, might also be worth while. Out of this feeling, as I understand, has grown the bill to create a volunteer officers' retired list, similar to that enacted for revolutionary officers eighty years ago.

Perhaps I am biased in its favor. I was a civil war soldier who, after serving a year and a half as an enlisted man, was commissioned lieutenant as a mark of approval of my conduct in battle. I continued in the regiment (Twenty-fourth New York) until the expiration of its term, having meantime been advanced one grade. If the bill just mentioned should become a law, I should be a beneficiary, if surviving, to the extent of about $50 a month. Like all participants in the war now living, I have entered the domain of old age, and it did not occur to me that the bill was a "scandalous raid upon the treasury by the pension grabbers" until I noted the characterization at the head of your editorial comments last week, along with the observation that its passage would call loudly for a Presidential veto.

If I believed that characterization to be deserved, I would not apply for a place on the lists, although the allowance would mean a substantial addition to my comfort. I have not asked any member of Congress to support the bill, because such a request might savor of solicitation of charity, and I think I could get on without it. But even after carefully reading your editorial of this week, I am unable to view the matter in the light there indicated. I may be wrong, and if so, or if the Congress concludes it best not to act favorably on the bill, I shall try to content myself with the outcome. THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Waukeska, Wis., May 6.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In holding up in its true light the measure now before Congress, for placing the volunteer officers who went out of the national service forty-five or more years ago, upon virtually an equal footing with the professional military men, you do an important service not only to the country but to those survivors of the volunteers who beg for protection against the evil ways of their associates.

The project is the latest, but it is to be feared not the last, development of the startling principle which has been emphasized at soldiers' meetings, especially at those of the Grand Army, for many years. The substance of this doctrine is that the soldier, not only of the civil war but of all national wars, has placed the government under a permanent money obligation, even though he has returned unharmed to the activities of the plain citizen; and that, in its delay to meet this debt promptly and generously, the government has shamelessly shirked its moral obligation.

One of the earliest expressions of this view, against which at the time of its publication I had occasion to make a public protest, was the insistence of a national encampment of the Grand Army that Congress should at once pass a service pension law, because "the Grand Army, in national encampment, had twice voted for it; because the Grand Army posts of every loyal State had petitioned the present Congress for it; because the payment of such pensions will awaken a patriotism such as no other means can bring forth; because only by the passage of such a measure can justice be done the saviors of the republic." The most recent repetition of this claim appears in the pamphlet circulated by a committee for securing means to lobby in Congress for the present measure, in the form of a telegram from sympathizers in California: "The volunteer officers ask what is justly due them. Let us fight for our rights as from sixty-one to sixty-five!" Reduced to its legitimate meaning this is an assertion that, once a soldier under any national emergency, always a soldier, for the pay, but not for duty. Some of us of a simple mind have always assumed that a republic, like any other system of government, has in a critical time absolute command of the property and lives of its subjects; and that such a crisis occurred at the outbreak of secession, when the republic, instead of resorting to conscription as it might have done with entire justice and wisdom, trusted its needs to the spontaneous public spirit and devotion of the people and received such a response of self-forgetting enthusiasm as marks the high tide of American patriotism. Thus a volunteer soldier is simply a special policeman with the peculiar honors that attach in romance to military service. It is his own fireside, his own life that he is defending; and, while his neighbors for whom he acts as a substitute may be grateful to him, it is not for them alone but for himself that his service is performed. And when his special duty is done, he returns to the ranks of plain, civil life. Under this new teaching of political morality a republic, far from being the strongest, is the weakest possible scheme of government. It may beg its citizens piteously to save it from peril; but, if they are indifferent to its calls, whether because they are in a profitable occupation or because they are afraid, it has no recourse; like Dogberry, with his unwilling thief, it must let them go the way of their preference. This is individual liberty carried out to anarchy. It seems a strange doctrine to be labelled patriotism. Yet all the claimants for pensions resent any imputation against their disinterested love of country.

The pending measure goes a step further than the claims of the Grand Army in proposing the creation of an aristocratic class of beneficiaries of pension; for creation it certainly is. No man of us for these forty odd years has ever dreamed that he was still in government service. We dropped our commissions and our uniforms with relief when we were discharged, and have been diligent ever since in earning our livelihood like other civilians, not setting ourselves above our old companions in arms, the former private soldiers, who incurred the same dangers as ourselves and are entitled to fully as great appreciation from their country.

If six hundred or twelve hundred dollars a year is the right amount to soothe our neglected honor, why shall not an equal sum be given to these, once of lower rank, but now our equals before the law and in the eyes of an affectionate country?

A VOLUNTEER CAPTAIN.

Cincinnati, O., May 7.

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CORRECTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Perhaps some of your readers who consulted your review of Professor Hart's "Slavery and Abolition" in the issue for September 13, 1906, may be interested in the following notes.

On page 184 we read of Whittier: "During the three years, 1835 to 1837, he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature." Pickard's "Life of Whittier" makes it clear that Whittier, elected in 1835, served in the Legislature, but, though reëlected, was unable, on account of poor health, to take his place, and that he was not again chosen. As pertinent to Professor Hart's purpose as the influence Whittier exercised over Cushing, p. 185, is the circumstance narrated by Pickard, Life, I, 285: Whittier allowed himself to be a Liberty candidate for Congress, so long as there was no danger of election, and in 1842-43 was successful in preventing the election of any other man, his opponents not being acceptable to the anti-slavery forces. But in December, 1843, Webster having recommended that the Whigs should nominate Whittier, Whittier, in alarm lest he should be elected, declined the candidacy.

Professor Hart, on page 186, says that Lowell's first anti-slavery utterance was called out in 1845 by the capture of some fugitive slaves. According to Scudder's list in his Life, Lowell had published, as early as August, 1843, his "Stanzas on Freedom," and between that time and his lines on the capture of fugitive slaves had appeared two anti-Texas poems.

On page 189 Professor Hart writes a sentence implying that Channing died in 1839. The correct date is 1842.

Professor Hart, probably, was less painstakingly accurate in those portions of his book that had to do with men of letters.

Wm. H. Powers.

South Dakota State College, May 4.

UNIVERSITY ADVERTISING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the report of the recent meeting of the American Oriental Society, in your issue of April 14, mention was made of a paper by Prof. George A. Barton, "deprecating the sensational manner in which the discovery" of Dr. Hilprecht's "Deluge fragment" was exploited. The matter is of interest not only in connection with the quarrels of the Orientalists, but in its relation to the subject of university advertising, lately discussed in the annual report of President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation. It is to be feared that the University of Pennsylvania, while by no means alone, is not least among the sinners in this direction; and Professor Hilprecht may be a victim more than a party to the fault. His University maintains a "Bureau of Publicity," which perhaps exercises many wholesome and legitimate functions—though one wonders that a society of scholars need court publicity in these well-reported days—but which incidentally does things calculated to make the judicious grieve. Its weekly organ heralded the "Deluge tablet" under the head-line "The Biblical Flood Story Confirmed," and followed up the "story" with an editorial in which it was affirmed that the discovery "completely vindicates the Old Testament text and is a check to super-critical ideas and skepticism with regard to the accuracy of our sacred writings"; Dr. Hilprecht's "Temple Library" having become "a very bulwark and defence for all that is holy and sacred to us." Clearly it could not have occurred to the writer either that there might be doubt as to the date of the fragment, or, supposing that it paralleled the Biblical account of the flood, that there might be various explanations of the fact, or (finally) that, for such intelligent persons as university publications are supposed to represent, "all that is holy and sacred to us" has long ceased to depend upon the historical accuracy of the early chapters of Genesis. The effect of the article was therefore to awaken ridicule even among those totally unversed in the subject-matter involved. There should seem to be a query here for university authorities, namely, since one can hardly hope to find advertising agents of the requisite culture and judgment to represent matters of scholarship with due credit to those concerned, whether it may not be better to abandon the effort altogether. Whatever is of real public concern will surely be heralded quite as soon as scholars of good taste can possibly wish it to be.

I have only to add that the writer, far from being a willing critic of the University of Pennsylvania, is an alumnus thereof, and a loyal one, if he knows what loyalty means; one who believes that the university is too great to adopt or tolerate questionable methods through a yielding to the principle of competition, and who, like many others of its alumni, covets for it such a policy as shall give no occasion for either apology or defence. X.

Philadelphia, April 25.

Literature.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CHINA.

My Life in China and America. By Yung Wing. New York: Holt & Co. $2 net.

Court Life in China. By Isaac Taylor Headland. New York: The Revell Co. $1.50 net.

In the Land of the Blue Gown. By Mrs. Archibald Little. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

The Chinese. By John Stuart Thomson. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50 net.

Changing China. By the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

China: Its Marvel and Mystery. By T. Hodgson Liddell. New York: The John Lane Co. $6.50 net.

The Great Wall of China. By William Edgar Geil, F.R.G.S. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $5 net.

China and the Far East. Edited by George H. Blakeslee. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2 net.

For a venerable Chinese gentleman, eighty-two years of age, to be able to write his autobiography in faultless English, is in itself a wonder. Dr. Yung Wing is a doctor of laws of Yale University, and writes, after a life of strenuous work, from his quiet home in Hartford, Conn. A perusal of this remarkable and scholarly publication fills one with a pleasant astonishment. It naturally suggests a question: What, if one poor lad taken from a country village in China is capable of such high intellectual and social attainments, will be the outcome when the whole nation has similar opportunities afforded under the great educational reform now going on throughout the empire? Dr. Yung Wing begins at the very opening of his career and tells in a simple and fascinating manner of the hardships of his child-life in southern China. The poor boy who hawked candy about the streets of his native village from daylight to dark to gain a mere pittance, who was greatly frightened at the first sight of a foreign missionary lady, and who ran away from her boarding-school to which he had been taken by his parents to learn English, can hardly be recognized in the person who in a few years was to become the first Chinese graduate of Yale, a successful merchant, an educational commissioner, a Chinese official, a doctor of laws, the son-in-law of his college president, and a retired gentleman. His history is to a large extent mixed up with that of China, especially with those educational reforms that are connected with Western studies. As an example of his style and subject we may quote what he says of his great patron the Duke Tsang Kwo-fan:

> To crush and end a rebellion of such dimensions as that of the Taipings was no small task. Tsang-Kwo-fan was made the generalissimo of the Imperialists To enable him to cope successfully with the Taipings, Tsang was invested with almost regal power. The revenue of seven or eight provinces was laid at his feet for disposal, also official ranks and territorial appointments were at his command. So Tsang Kwo-fan was literally and practically the supreme power of China at the time. But true to his innate greatness, he was never known to abuse the almost unlimited power that was placed in his hands, nor did he take advantage of the vast resources that were at his disposal to enrich himself or his family, relatives or friends. Unlike Li Hung-Chang, his protégé and successor, who bequeathed Tls. 40,000,000 to his descendants after his death, Tsang died comparatively poor, kept the escutcheon of his official career untarnished, and left a name and character honored and revered for probity, patriotism, and purity. He had great talents, but he was modest. He had a liberal mind, but he was conservative. He was a perfect gentleman and nobleman of the highest type. It was such a man that I had the great fortune to come in contact with in the fall of 1863.

"Court Life in China" could not have

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been written before the Boxer trouble in 1900; for, as one of the outcomes of that serious uprising, the gates of the "Forbidden City" were forced open and the hitherto secluded life of the Imperial family was forever robbed of its privacy. The book is written by one who was intimately acquainted with several members of the Imperial household, and who had a close knowledge of many of the Imperial princes and highest officials. This special privilege—the author acknowledges—came about largely from the fact that his wife was for more than twenty years "physician in charge" to the female members of the families of the Empress Dowager's mother, the Empress's sister, and many of the princesses, as well as other ladies of the highest official families in Peking. Because of Dr. Headland's social as well as professional relations with these women, she was frequently invited with them to the Imperial palace, and was thus enabled to furnish her husband at first hand with much of the material relating to this household. There we see the Empress Dowager as a woman, as an artist of some repute, as a reformer in recent years, as well as a ruler over more than 400,000,000 subjects, and as the only woman who ever held sceptre over more than one-third of the human race. Perhaps the most touching picture the author paints of the Dowager is when, as a bereft mother, under cover of night, she emerges from one of the secluded gates of the "Forbidden City," and, in company with the senior Empress, crosses the great Imperial City to the Tartar City, until they finally enter the door of the Seventh Prince, the younger brother of their husband. From here, with her nephew in her arms, she returns to her secluded home, and on the following day sends out the pathetic yet comforting announcement to the whole people that, although her own son, the Emperor Tung Chih, had "ascended upon the dragon to be a guest on high," yet little Kwang-Hsü had already been made heir to the Imperial throne. The author discredits the story that the Dowager was, when a child, sold as a slave and taken to south China. It seems that her immediate family were old residents of Peking, her father having held a small military office there for many years. It was, however, entirely through her influence that her brothers and sisters have long been known as dukes, duchesses, princesses, and ladies-in-waiting in the palace. The Empress Dowager, in our author's eyes, was one of the most gifted and far-seeing women of history; and one of her remarkable characteristics was "ability to choose the greatest statesmen, the wisest advisers, the safest leaders, and the best guides from the great mass of Chinese officials, whether progressive or conservative." Though he acknowledges her participation in the Boxer movement as her most serious mistake, yet he justifies, under the circumstances, her alliance with those "superstitious Boxers," since this was her only hope of saving the country from the grasping nations which, during the Emperor's reign, had been wresting portions of territory from the empire. The book is written in a clear, easy style, and is thoroughly readable.

The first thing noticeable in "The Land of the Blue Gown" is the quaintness of the title. Furthermore, blue is not now the universal or even typical color of dress in China. It appears to have grown somewhat out of fashion. Nowadays we find that the Chinese of the middle or better class, who wears a "gown," prefers for ordinary occasions some other more attractive color. The introduction on a large scale of aniline dyes makes a great variety of colors possible in place of the old indigo monotone. This is especially observable at the larger treaty ports and their vicinity, where foreign influence is more widely felt. Of the seventeen chapters into which the book is divided there is not one that can be regarded as dull or uninteresting. The forty or more illustrations from photographs are excellent of their kind, although we cannot help thinking that we have seen several of these pictures before in Mrs. Little's previous works. There is a novelty and a charm about the publication that compels one to read on, hour after hour, without laying it down. Mrs. Little tells us in her preface that her aim is to depict China as it was before the Boxer outrage in 1900, so as to make more intelligible the reasons which brought about that unexpected insurrection and supreme act of Chinese folly. She has well succeeded in her purpose. Her graphic descriptions of critical situations; of the persons engaged in the management and negotiations of affairs, not only at the seat of the insurrection, but also in different parts of the country; her intimate knowledge of all classes of men and things in China; her years of travel and research in company with her gifted husband; her leadership in the anti-footbinding movement and the success which crowned her efforts; her ability to see the many good features in the Chinese character and to give them full credit—these and many other points are characteristic of the present volume, as of all her writings. At Mrs. Little's request many years ago, the writer of this review drew up and engrossed in gold the memorial in Chinese that was sent by the Anti-footbinding Society to the Emperor and Empress-Dowager. He is therefore in a position to endorse heartily the following extract from her *post scriptum* referring to footbinding and opium smoking:

> And though footbinding may still linger on amongst the ignorant poor, in remote parts, this curse of China may be considered to have received its deathblow. Would that China's other curse, opium smoking, could equally easily be done away with! But as the young men have been the mainspring in repressing the mutilation of little girls, so the women of China, now set upon their feet again, may yet so improve home life as in their turn to deal a deathblow to this great national vice. So far, suffering opium-smoking mothers have borne sons predisposed to desire opium. With the two curses gone there would then but remain "China's sorrow," the Yellow river, to contend against, for the happy days of Yao and Shun once more to return to the Land of the Blue Gown, which may yet afford us such an example of the Christian virtues as we have not yet even dreamt of in Europe.

Mr. Thomson's work, despite its lack of method and its occasional carelessness, is one of the most interesting and instructive books on the Chinese. It starts on the title-page with an appropriate proverb; but the awkward Chinese characters are evidently reproduced from the author's crude attempts at Chinese penmanship. The translation he gives is "One seeing, however, is better than a thousand people telling you of it." A better rendering would be "Learning a thousand times is not equal to seeing once." There is no preface or introduction. The author evidently supposes everybody will know who he is, what is his title or profession, where he comes from, what books he has published, etc. He merely dedicates his work to "L. M. S.," and then plunges into the midst of his task by telling us in his opening chapter about "the daily life of foreigners in China." Nearly all the chapter is taken up with Hongkong, which, as everybody knows, is not China, but a British colony. In the second chapter the reader is transported to Macao, a Portuguese colony, and is treated to a most charming account of Camoens and "The Lusiad." It is not till the ninety-seventh page is reached that we leave foreign colonies and foreigners, and come to the actual "daily life among the Chinese." Here the author is thoroughly at home and relates in a humorous vein his rich observations during what was evidently a protracted residence in different parts of China. It is refreshing to find so much valuable and fresh information expressed in a quaint, original manner, instead of the usual hashed-up traditions of a quarter-century or more which make up so much of what is written about China nowadays. The chapter on Japan, a Commercial Example, is well worth reading and shows a comprehensive grasp of the greatest problem of the Far East. The concluding chapter, "The Mirror of the Past," deserves careful consideration. It concludes with these prophetic words:

> This present Manchu dynasty may flutter like a candle flame and die before long.

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Its greatest mind, but weakest arm, was the beloved Kwang-Su, deceased as a martyr only yesterday by sinister causes, and on whose inspiring edicts of 1897 the present blessed constitutional hopes of China are based.

Few books, we imagine, could be more satisfying to those seeking to know contemporary Chinese mental attitudes than such a work as Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil's, written as it is by a trained inquirer and interviewer (of about two hundred prominent foreigners and natives in China) fresh from the field. The first part of "Changing China" tells what has caused the awakening The answer is: long seed-sowing, events, science and Japan. In matters both mental and material, the Middle Kingdom of to-day is vastly different from that even of 1900. The author, son of Lord Salisbury, with the sympathy that is interpretation, discusses the weak and strong sides of Chinese civilization, its meaning to the world, foreign relations, cities, rivers, the impending economic revolutions, opium, the woman question, and, very luminously, Chinese architecture. Every phase of the native religions and the missionaries is treated with catholicity and vigor, as are also the new and the old learning. It is evident that whatever changes may occur in army or navy, books, dress, education, or religion, China will be China still. The Chinese will never become Europeans. Any notion that they will suddenly create great armies, or make instant transformation in anything, belongs to dream stuff. Yet like the Japanese of 1870, the Chinese statesmen imagine that their very intellectual countrymen can in a few years absorb whatever is necessary from Western civilization. Lord Cecil shows that art is long. To weave together in one piece the two webs of Oriental and Occidental thought will take generations. His great fear is of a sodden materialism, and his plans of an international university at Hankow, with many hostels or colleges, the former for pure science and the latter for what outsiders of various sects count fundamental, are clearly set forth. This invaluable book is well illustrated and indexed.

It is a noteworthy sign when a well-known British artist goes to China to paint its wealth of beauty and interest. The average commercial dweller at the seaport and all hasty travellers miss the color of China and its artistic possibilities; but Mr. Liddell has certainly demonstrated his powers, both of appreciation and of execution, in these fine pictures, which are here reproduced with perhaps unexcelled mechanical success. In his tour, he made a visit to Japan and his verdict is that the continental, as compared with the insular country, is spectacularly superior. Despite heat, smells, dirt, vermin, and the more formidable annoyances from crowds and over-officious magistrates and underlings, the artist-invader, by tactics and strategy, won success from beginning to end. He did not have to go far afield from the rivers and beaten paths of traffic, but he made the humblest villages, as well as temples and palaces, yield "artistic tribute." The text is inferior to the pictures, and is marred with such vulgarities as "Jap" and "ricksha"; nor does an index of Japanese names reveal the author as a scholar. Nevertheless he pictures river life and scenery with some vividness, showing how the patient Chinese have made birds and beasts their friends and servants. His description of the "duckeries" is amusing. The old jokes and stories, now thoroughly venerable and cosmopolitan in their location, are revamped. The artist is a great admirer of Chinese architecture, but gives only fugitive impressions of it. China still awaits a writer like Cram to do justice to her science and art of structure. Whatever its faults of text, this book in its colored pictures stands first in the library of books on China.

To examine carefully the construction and appearance of the Great Wall of China and to trace its history from its commencement, two centuries before Christ, up to the present time, is an undertaking which only a great traveller and scholar could successfully carry out. The task has been accomplished by Dr. William Edgar Geil, who had previously visited and described in interesting detail the chief features of the great river of China, the Yang-tze. The "Great Wall of China" is certainly a unique publication. There is not one of its four hundred octavo pages that is not full of a strange fascination for every reader who is fond of geographical and historical novelties. Fortunately, the most noted of all "the seven wonders of the world" has at last found a worthy exponent, who does justice to the character of its builder and the skill displayed in its construction in those by-gone ages. Without a single illustration this book could be pronounced complete; but with the one hundred and sixteen pictures, many of them large and excellent photographs, depicting features connected with the Great Wall that could not be described in words, there is nothing left to be desired. Next to the thoroughness that characterizes this production are the quaint originality and the vein of humor which run through it. Only a man well acquainted with the language and people of China could have picked up such happy tidbits of local information and could have expressed them in so naïve a manner. The illustrations from "The Chronicle of the Hills and Seas" and other native books lend an element of drollery that is sometimes irresistible. On the other hand, on the top of every other page there are proverbs or sayings in Chinese characters with translation, which remind us of the principles of wisdom and the ethical philosophy so dear to the Chinese. Such sentences are often found written in large characters on pairs of scrolls which hang upon the walls of a room, or engraved on wood or stone in conspicuous places. They are particularly appropriate in such a book as the one before us. Here and there we find the author indulging in extravagancies which are hardly so suitable as the proverbs. As an instance, he supposes that the "wise men" who designed the Great Wall "doubtless consulted constellations, skulls, and a score of uncanny divining devices. Indeed, should the history of the devil be written, it would likely contain a highly surprising and interesting chapter on the Great Wall." Dr. Geil's is the first complete account of this enormous structure, easily visible from the planet Mars, that has ever been written—at least in any Western language. The writer of this review having visited the Great Wall in two separate localities along its 1,500-mile course, is so far able to testify as to the accuracy of Dr. Geil's statements.

"China and the Far East" is the first fruit of a capital idea. The head of the Department of History in Clark University called in July last an assembly of specialists who should give a series of lectures upon topics of present interest in a special field, and a conference of scholars was held upon China and the Far East. The names of Prof. A. C. Coolidge of Harvard; the veteran scholar in Chinese, Chester Holcombe; Dr. F. Wells Williams of Yale; T. F. Millard, recently from the Far East; H. B. Morse, formerly of the Imperial Chinese customs service; Secretary John Foord; the Cornell University professor, J. W. Jenks; ex-Consul-General at Mukden, Willard Straight; Dr. Hamilton Wright; Major Eben Swift, U. S. A.; Dr. A. P. Wilder; H. F. Merrill; President D. D. Sheffield of Tung Chou; Prof. Harlan P. Beach; Dr. Edward C. Moore; President A. F. Griffiths of Honolulu; Dr. K. Asakawa; Dr. J. Takamine; Hon. H. N. Allen; Prof. G. T. Ladd, and the Rev. E. H. Hall of Korea, suggest the value of the matter here furnished. Thirteen of the twenty-two papers read treat particularly of China and the Chinese, three of Japan, and three of Korea. The general accuracy of statement and clearness of insight make this book of unusual value to the student. In the schedule, the subjects are fairly balanced—history, economics, international relations, national defence, education, Christian missions, and the inter-relations of Japan and China and of Japan and Korea—but in substance and style the papers vary greatly. As a whole it is safe to say that this book is one of the first value for students of that problem of the Pacific which President Taft declares is the greatest before the Amer-

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ican people. Such a book as this is cheapened by the lack of an index.

CURRENT FICTION.

Poppy. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The sub-title is The Story of a South African Girl, and the best parts of the book are those which give vivid and realistic word-pictures of South Africa—the Kopje at Bloemfontein where the Kaffir-girl nurses squat and jabber under the trees, while the children play among the rocks and quarry-holes; the great rolling spaces and rushing rivers of the open veldt; the tropical gardens, luxurious cool verandahs, and gleaming sapphire sea of Durban. The natives, too, especially two old women-servants, are sketched in sympathetically and convincingly.

In other respects, the novel is foolish and unpleasant. "The best of men are half-devil, half-child, and nothing more, where a beautiful woman is concerned. You know that, don't you?" says the only white woman in the book who is neither a sensualist nor a fiend, nor both; and the author evidently agrees with all her heart. Perhaps it is hardly fair to call Poppy herself a sensualist, for, though passion's slave and distressingly sex-conscious, she possesses both imagination and devotion. Her wretched childhood and the hatred between her and her incredibly cruel aunt cannot but recall the opening chapters of "Jane Eyre," and the suggestion is an instructive one. Remembering the passion which Charlotte Brontë expressed so powerfully and intimately, the fire which consumed utterly in its heat all pettiness, all timidity, all worldly convention, but which might rage till Doomsday against the rock-fortress of unconquerable will, we see more plainly, as by the light of that great flame, the triviality and vulgarity of the earth-born, wandering fires and the smoking, malodorous torches which are the only beacons to Poppy and her friends.

The Intruding Angel. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane Co.

One very pleasing and very convincing trait about Mr. Marriott's people is their almost complete lack of the melodramatic strain, even of that melodrama which in its highest manifestations becomes drama. It is not that the writer goes in for the drab human material in which the painters of lower middle-class English life take pleasure. He deals with people capable of a high degree of emotion, but he is at pains to show that even emotional people do not as a rule work out their destiny in outward storm and stress. Disappointed lovers plunge neither into suicide nor into despair, but go about their business quietly, and, after a while, resignedly, though the scar shows more or less. Deceived husbands bite their lips and either make an end of things or bear things without changing their habits perceptibly. Women unhappily married and strongly tempted behave as honest women usually will, and do not even lose flesh in the process. The point is that the best kind of men and women usually pass through bitter experiences without making a row.

The story of "The Intruding Angel" is the story of Lydgate, his wife the fair-haired Rosamond, and Dorothea Casaubon in "Middlemarch"; but told without mid-Victorian reserve, and with the difference that here Lydgate is in love with Dorothea and Dorothea with him and that, having told each other so, they agree that there is nothing more to be said or done about it. Pauline Noy is not quite so patently selfish as Rosamond Lydgate, but she is more shallow and feather-headed, and out of pique and ennui, she incurs the guilt for which women were stoned by the populace in Biblical times. Her husband recognizes that originally the fault was his in marrying a woman who, he knew, did not love him and whom, as he soon found out, he did not love. Having struck the bargain, he admits that he must pay the price, and he proceeds to do so with a degree of conscientiousness that will be puzzling and possibly shocking to many an Anglo-Saxon reader. His love for the other woman, the Dorothea of the story, only braces him to the task. She is the intruding angel who brings him face to face with the sacrifice and gives him the strength to make it. Their enlightened view of morality as contrasted with the utterly material standards of the erring wife supplies the plot and the lesson of an excellently sustained study in irony.

The Education of Uncle Paul. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Uncle Paul was a big, bearded Englishman who spent twenty years timber-cruising for a Minnesota lumber company. Then an aunt died, and he returned to England to live with a widowed sister. She was rather a pallid sort of person, but she had some lively and imaginative children. These latter promptly discovered that Uncle Paul was in reality as much of a child as they, only bigger. They set about penetrating the grown-up disguise he wore before them in a vain attempt to preserve a dignity befitting his age. His education consisted in the processes by which this armor of assumed maturity was torn from him by Nixie and Jonah and Toby, ably assisted by Mrs. Tompkyns, the cat. He was very soon relieved of it all, and thereafter became one of them. He invented many adventures and wrote them out for the delectation of the company. They were, as the children said, "verywonderfulindeed 'aventures.'" We learn, for instance, how he and Nixie saw the wind, and how they slipped through the crack between yesterday and to-morrow, and of what befell in the land that lies there. In the end, Nixie goes on a long journey, and Uncle Paul, who has learned that his happiness lies in that of children, goes to London to do what he can for the children of the poor. Nixie comes back so often to visit his dreams that he scarcely has occasion to mourn her death.

The tale is slight, and not always real. We do not mean to imply a disbelief in fairies or a dislike for fairy stories; but it strains our faith to hear that Uncle Paul accompanied Nixie in the adventures of which he tells. In her, however, we believe absolutely. Of course she was more than a pretty little English girl, with white frocks and slim black legs and yellow hair in the state which marks its wearer as a "flapper." The author does not actually tell us so, but we are sure she was more than half a sprite. No ordinary little girl ever had such a fund of quaint, fantastical wisdom; such queer, sudden thoughts; and a charm at once so grave and so ethereal.

Kings in Exile. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is another collection of animal stories done much after Mr. Roberts's usual fashion. That is to say, their substance is sometimes a queer mixture of legitimate natural history and highly melodramatic episodes in which animal intelligence is ridiculously exaggerated, together with some good descriptive writing mingled with much that is obviously fantastic and overdrawn. Mr. Roberts is fond of depicting with absurd minuteness the supposed cerebrations of wild animals in captivity, and of domesticated creatures turned loose in the woods to shift for themselves. These themes he has already worn fairly threadbare, but that does not deter him from working into the present volume the stories of "Last Bull," who is a bison confined in a zoölogical park where he bewails his fate and finally meets a tragic end; of "The Gray Master," which tells the same kind of tale about a timber wolf, and other yarns of the same general character. Perhaps the most ingenious one is the tale of the man who, while planning to rob an eagle's nest, tumbled over a cliff and lodged on a ledge where he stayed for about two weeks in the company of one of the young eagles which he had knocked out of the nest in his fall, and with which he shared the fish, flesh, and fowl brought to the eaglet by its male parent. As an illustration of Mr. Roberts's faculty for lugging queer natural history into his stories, there is in this last

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story the episode of its hero's discovery that the "black eagle," of which he had seen only one specimen, was nothing but an immature bald eagle, of which he had seen many—an observation which loses its force when one remembers that the bald eagle does not get its full plumage until its second or third year at the earliest, and that, therefore, "black eagles" (as a matter of fact, the immature bald eagle is *brown*, not black) are, in the nature of the case, much more common than those with the white head and tail.

A NEW HISTORY OF ROME.

The Roman Republic. By W. E. Heitland, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College. 3 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10.

"Is there room for another political study of the Roman Republic?" With this inquiry Mr. Heitland, who is known to classical teachers as the editor of some college texts of Cicero, Lucan, and Lucian, opens the preface of the long three-volume work under review. The answer of the general reader may possibly be different from that of the historical student, though the kindly reception given by him to Ferrero's brilliant, but fanciful and superficial, treatment of the revolutionary epoch suggests that he would join the specialist in welcoming cordially a fresh, vigorous reconstruction, in terms of present-day knowledge, interests, and problems, of the entire political life of the Romans. The question before us is, therefore, nave we now such a work in our hands?

We have no right to quarrel with the author for giving us only the first half of a history of Rome; for even Mommsen waited thirty-one years after finishing his story of the Republic before making his advance into the period of the Principate. But we are filled with dismay at the outset, and with wonder as to what sort of historical company Mr. Heitland has been keeping, when we find him affirming, in flat contradiction to international opinion often expressed, that a new, and at the same time sound, reconstruction of Roman history is neither desirable nor possible. "After the labors of generations of scholars in collecting and sifting the mass of materials that compose our record, I do not see much opening," he says, "for an honest reconstruction of the whole story. I do not believe that the old-fashioned views of the history of the Roman Republic are mere delusions, and that it can and should be rewritten in a sensational spirit." We are all agreed that history should never be written in a sensational spirit; for that connotes hasty performance and uncritical exaggeration. It involves at best the bringing of legitimate ideas into all sorts of lawless connections. Thus the notion that capitalists are inevitably malefactors is probably playing no less havoc with the truth in some recent books than was played in 1854 by Mommsen's inclusion of the Roman Senators in his hatred and condemnation of the German Agrarians. But even at the risk of slandering a class just now unpopular, no serious historian can shirk the obligation of making and casting up again the long columns in which the accounts of the Roman agricultural and financial aristocracies are set forth in our record; for elementary justice demands that the much-abused Senate should not continue longer to answer for the sins which have been transferred to the credit or discredit of the Knights. So, too, the discovery which has been made in the last thirty years that much once thought to be characteristic in the development of Roman politics, institutions, and culture is but the Italian phase of general Hellenistic movements, is leading nowadays, in all likelihood, to an exaggeration of the dependence of Roman thought and action and to an over-depreciation of Roman achievements and influence. For this very reason, however, the whole budget of Romanism and Hellenism must be made out anew so as to satisfy the just demands of each side. How inadequate even the latest treatment in English of Roman history is in this particular every student of the third century, B. C., knows.

There can be little doubt that the German vice of turning candidates for the doctorate loose in the field of *Quellenforschung*—whence, ordinarily, none but the most catholic, experienced, and tactful scholars can derive fruit fit for historical consumption—has caused the production of many sickly weeds, and in no corner less hopeful ones than in early Roman history; but for all that, as Wilamowitz points out in his charming Oxford lecture, "On Greek Historical Writing," the investigating of sources is the one great means by which the science of history has advanced in the century just ended to a position clearly superior to any reached by the Greeks or Romans in antiquity. Nor can any one who has read the Italian sections of Eduard Meyer's "History of Antiquity" doubt that the properly accredited attempts to determine the relation and value of the extant authorities, though they have reduced enormously the trustworthy sources of knowledge for the history of early Rome, have yet left sufficient genuine old materials for a new scaffolding, if not for a complete and stately edifice—like that made fifty-six years ago by Mommsen in his "History of Rome" and about forty years ago by the same author in his "Roman Public Law." In our judgment, nothing would be more helpful to English readers at this time than an honest reconstruction of early Italian history. Instead of this, Mr. Heitland gives us both in his first volume and in his second and third, as he himself puts it, "the old-fashioned views of the history of the Roman Republic"; in other words, the Mommsenian conception of Roman history as modified and expanded in the apparatus and tradition of tutorial instruction in England. It is difficult to imagine how a question could appear on a conventional college examination paper in Roman history and antiquities for the satisfactory answer of which a student would not derive much help from Mr. Heitland's history; and when we have said this we have indicated the class of persons to which it will be most useful.

In our judgment the conception of Mommsen as modified and expanded, not in the collegiate teaching of England, but by the skilled work of the last generation of historical investigators the world over, is the only old-fashioned view that deserves restatement at the present time. This Mr. Heitland is manifestly not prepared to make. He knows Padelis, but merely through his volume of papers published in English. De Sanctis he does not know at all. He knows Beloch, to whom he acknowledges special obligations, but only as the author of the "Campanien," "Italische Bund," and "Bevölkerungslehre." Had he studied the third volume of Beloch's "Griechische Geschichte," he would have avoided many pitfalls. Eduard Meyer's work in Roman history he apparently knows only at second hand through Fowler's criticism of his paper on the Gracchi. Kromayer's "Antike Schlachtfelder," which is, of course, fundamental for any consideration of Roman "strategy on the large," he has used no more than Colin's "Rome et la Grèce." It is perfectly true that of "the modern literature of pamphlets, articles in periodicals, and so forth" he has "only been able to read a part." This part seems, further, to have dealt with a very limited group of episodes or topics, or to have been written in the *Classical Review* or some other of the British journals.

It is a pity that so large and ambitious a work as this should have been undertaken with so indiscriminating and incomplete a knowledge of the scientific apparatus, and so little actual practice in the hard, banausic methods of modern historical inquiry; for Mr. Heitland is a man who has good historical sense, an easy, lucid style, and complete freedom of movement down, if not up, the Latin and Greek literary tradition. His general amateurism is the more to be regretted in that when he has taken the pains to follow a problem through to the bitter end, as in the case of the system of group-voting in the Roman Assemblies, he shows himself by no means a despicable investigator. "It may be," says Wilamowitz in the lecture already mentioned, "that Mr. Dry-

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asdust is no very agreeable companion, but he is indispensable. It is the curse of ancient historical writing that it neglected him. Very famous persons have tried to do the same in our own days. The result is the same, but they have the less claim upon our forgiveness.

Recollections of a Varied Life. By George Cary Eggleston. Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

Mr. Eggleston has approached the emergencies of life with courage and relish. The Hoosier country in which he passed his boyhood—he is the original of his brother's "A Hoosier Schoolmaster"—seems to him wholly idyllic in retrospect. Virginia, where he grew to man's estate, enlists an even more enthusiastic sympathy. There never was so graceful a life under the sun as that which the war destroyed. The women were the fairest and best; as for the men, "there never gathered together anywhere on earth a body of horsemen more perfectly masters of their art than were the men of that First Regiment" (Stuart's). From the cavalry young Eggleston passed to the field artillery, and when his horses were gone, finished the war fighting a mortar battery at Petersburg. Proceeding to New York and commencing journalism, he met such tall fellows as C. F. Briggs and the erratic Theodore Tilton, his editor-in-chief on the Brooklyn *Union*. Bryant of the *Evening Post* Mr. Eggleston served as literary editor. There was a standing order to "be tender with the poets," and on one occasion, other excuse for praise failing, the gluing of the binding of a book of verse was commended.

Become joint editor of *Hearth and Home*, with his brother Edward, our author once promised a serial, the topic and title of which were to find. The result was his first novel, "A Man of Honor." At this time Frank R. Stockton was a close associate. The imperturbability of his literary style was confirmed by the orderly impassivity of all his habits. "I never saw Stockton angry," writes Mr. Eggleston. "I doubt that he ever was so. I never knew him to be in the least degree hurried, or to manifest impatience in any way. On the other hand, I never knew him to manifest enthusiasm of any kind or to indulge in any but the most moderate and placid rejoicing over anything." Mr. Eggleston made various escapes from journalism, writing profusely and serving as a publisher's reader the while. But journalism always reclaimed him. He followed the late Parke Godwin from the *Evening Post* to the *Commercial Advertiser*, which he long served as managing editor. Without difficulty he made the turnover from the most to the least literary sort of journalism, becoming a leading editorial writer on the *World* as reshaped by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. Some ten years ago his ultimate evasion from newspaperdom was made, and he has beguiled his leisure by the production of a score of books, including at least one "best-selling" novel, and a number of favorite juveniles.

At all times Mr. Eggleston has been a sort of minute-man of letters. In minor straits, like filling an entire editorial page single-handed, at a bare two hours' notice, he was not at a loss. In major services, such as writing on the Confederate point of view—"A Rebel's Recollections"—in the *Atlantic Monthly*, shortly after the war, he was equally successful. A fine sense of comradeship seems to have tided him over what to less robust juniors will seem almost impossible labors. We welcome the picture we get of his own activities. He represents the American equivalent of the disappearing Victorian type, with its unqualified emotionalism tempered by a strong practical sense—its naïve and refreshing geniality. These are qualities that make for readableness. And this autobiography, despite a tendency to anecdotal divagations, occasionally of a tenuous sort, is throughout entertaining. Most valuable, perhaps, are the glimpses one gets of old Indiana, and of engaging minor celebrities of New York whose sayings might otherwise have escaped the chronicler. It was C. F. Briggs, who not merely expounded the completely unmoral nature of Poe, but left the following noteworthy definition of temperance: "Temperance consists solely in never taking a drink unless you want it. Intemperance consists in taking drinks when some other fellow wants them." For *Hearth and Home* Mr. Eggleston once tried to get a Pike County Ballad, regardless of expense, from John Hay, and received the amazing answer that the talented author "could not write a Pike County ballad to save his life." John Hay went on to tell how, hearing in sermon-time the story of "Little Breeches," stupidly told, he amused himself by imagining how racy the Pike County version would be:

> On the train, as I journeyed to New York, I entertained myself by writing "Little Breeches." The thing was done merely for my own amusement, without the smallest thought of print. But when I showed it to Whitelaw Reid he seized the manuscript and published it in the *Tribune*. By that time the lilt and swing of the Pike County Ballad had taken possession of me. I was filled with the Pike County spirit, as it were, and the humorous side of my mind was entertained by its rich possibilities. Within a week after the appearance of "Little Breeches" in print all the Pike County Ballads were written. After that the impulse was completely gone from me. . . . There were no more Pike County Ballads in me, and there never have been any since. Let me tell you a queer thing about that. From the hour when the last of the ballads was written until now, I have never been able to feel that they were mine, that my mind had anything to do with their creation, or that they bore any trace of kinship to my thought or my intellectual impulses. They seem utterly foreign to me—as foreign as if I had first encountered them in print, as the work of somebody else. It is a strange feeling.

We can only indicate by sample the varied interest of this book. In it we learn how the deathless feud between Jefferson Davis and Beauregard arose from a mispunctuated dispatch, and also how, during the free-silver lunacy, the author, provided only with gold was refused supplies in the South, because "the government has went back on gold." Mr. Eggleston also knows the true inwardness of the Beecher-Tilton affair, but discreetly will not tell. Even without such a morsel the book provides good measure. Admirable is the story of two Federal officers who strayed into Eggleston's redoubt at Petersburg, exchanged compliments under a grilling fire from their own batteries, and quietly obtained information which led to their safe return after nightfall. They were without uniforms, and had they been detected would have swung as spies. Such an incident is worth pages on the conditions of that dire siege. Savory episodes of this sort are rather the rule than the exception in this entertaining autobiography.

The Philosophy of the Enlightenment. By John Grier Hibben. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Stoic and Epicurean. By R. D. Hicks. The same.

A new series of books on the history of thought, entitled The Epochs of Philosophy has been planned under the editorship of Professor Hibben of Princeton, and the first two volumes have just appeared. The aim of the series, in Professor Hibben's words, is "to present the significant features of philosophical thought in the chief periods of its development," and "to emphasize especially those doctrines which have appeared as effective factors in the evolution of philosophic thought as a whole."

Professor Hibben's own book is scholarly, thoughtful, and readable. It not only presents clearly the views of each of the great thinkers of the Enlightenment, but it considers them in their relation to one another, showing how the thought of each grew out of the thought of his predecessors. The book thus vindicates its right to the title "The Philosophy of the Enlightenment," for it gives the reader not a mere collection of different philosophic views, but a study of a whole movement. The Enlightenment has definite dates, which are chosen not at all arbitrarily, but are natural and almost inevitable. It begins with the publication of Locke's

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famous "Essay" in 1690, and ends with the appearance of the "Critique of Pure Reason" in 1781. The unity of the period is seen in the demand for clear ideas, the distrust of transcendental metaphysics, and the renewed interest in human nature, which were common to nearly all the thinkers of the century. The development of thought during the period is peculiarly organic, and is expressed by Professor Hibben in the form of an Hegelian triad. Locke's theory of knowledge, which forms the real starting-point of the Enlightenment, is chosen as the thesis; the development and criticism of Locke's point of view, both in England and in France, form the antithesis; while Kant's reconciling philosophy, of course, acts as synthesis.

This interesting and illuminating method of presentation, in fact, forms the basis of the chief exception to which the book is open. In his attempt to depict the process of the development of thought throughout the period, Professor Hibben seems at times to forget that the aim of his series is expository, rather than controversial. Except in the less important chapters, one often misses the judicial tone of the impartial historian, and one feels throughout that the author is holding a brief for Kant. Thus three-quarters of the chapter on Locke are given to adverse criticism, whereas in the chapter on Kant there is no criticism, unless three half-deprecating, half-apologetic sentences can be called such. The method, moreover, by which all the pre-Kantians of importance are assigned to their respective places of excellence or demerit produces the same impression of partisanship; for the decisive question is always: How far do they diverge from Kant? Thus the fundamental mistake of Locke and Hume consists in viewing the mind in a fashion quite different from that of the Critical Philosophy; the good Berkeley does pretty well, but falls short in so far as he does not say what Kant said; Leibnitz is excellent (especially in that he was a forerunner of the true philosophy), but even he occasionally errs—which means that he does not quite anticipate the "Critique of Pure Reason."

The question whether this method of presentation is really suitable for an expository work will be answered by each reader in accordance with the view he takes of the Kantian philosophy. If this philosophy is, indeed, the last word on the subject of knowledge and is itself beyond criticism, except in minor details, then truly all the preceding history of human thought should be judged by it and depicted as leading up to this far-off, sublime event. But it cannot, on the whole, be said that Professor Hibben's presentation of the Critical Philosophy itself is sufficiently persuasive to justify this method. It is even doubtful whether Professor Hibben has made the case for Kant as strong as it might have been made. So, at least, it will seem to those (and they are many) who have never been able to accept Kant's vindication of universality and necessity in causation as an answer to Hume's critique. Professor Hibben gives the impression that this question is crucial; and this is rather unfortunate, for the Critical Philosophy is left on a most precarious basis if it has to stand or fall with any or all of the twelve categories. For neither Kant nor the Kantians have ever made it perfectly clear just why experience would be impossible without necessary and invariable uniformity in events. Professor Hibben is doubtless right in saying that "a world of detached and unrelated events is not the kind of world which we are capable of experiencing or which our minds are capable of conceiving" (p. 228). But the events of a world in which there were no necessary causal sequence need not be detached or unrelated; all that is requisite for experience is that they should be related to *some* other events, not always and necessarily to the same ones. The truth seems to be that our experience presupposes and demands just so much regularity as we find in it. And the causation which Hume attacked is hardly "the presupposition and condition of the very possibility of any experience whatsoever" (p. 229).

It would, however, be most unfair to Professor Hibben, as well as misleading to the reader, to leave this volume without a final word of appreciation. Considering the difficulty of the problems dealt with, the book is a remarkable piece of clear exposition and makes an excellent introduction to the study of the Enlightenment. It will prove of interest to the general reader (if there be such a person any longer), as well as to the student of philosophy.

The subject of Mr. Hicks's volume inevitably makes his work of less general interest than is Professor Hibben's. The Stoic and the Epicurean are separated from us by so many centuries, and the answers they give to the eternal problems are often so crude, that the study of their thought is chiefly of academic value. Nor can it be said that Mr. Hicks is always happy in his mode of presentation. In spite of his really great scholarship (or in part because of it?), he has not succeeded in giving to his epoch as much significance and human interest as he might have done. The style is somewhat disconnected, and the method of presentation fairly resembles the style: we find a collection of learned details, carefully interpreted, but look in vain for the living spirit of Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius. Yet it must be said the book is a genuine contribution to our knowledge of the period and will be of high value to one who comes to it with a real interest (aroused elsewhere) in the Stoics and Epicureans. To get at the philosophical views of Zeno, Chrysippus, and the other early Stoics is no easy task, so obscured are they by the divergent views of their followers and critics. And Mr. Hicks has met the difficulty as well as his rather lumbering style and method will permit, by means of lengthy quotation from the sources and careful and critical interpretation.

One closes the book feeling how little *direct* bearing much of ancient thought has upon our modern problems. The problems themselves, indeed, do not greatly change, but the solutions which the ancients gave seem of little immediate assistance to us. And yet, in a sense, this very thing is a source of encouragement, emphasizing, as it does, the inexhaustible fertility and indefinite power of growth possessed by the human mind. And when the thought of antiquity is studied, not merely by itself, but in connection with the rest of the history of philosophy, it becomes most significant and helpful. Mr. Hicks's scholarly work, therefore, will get its proper setting and show its true value only when it takes its place with the rest of the series.

If these two books are to be typical of the series as a whole, the others cannot appear too soon.

Spain of the Spanish. By Mrs. Villiers-Wardell. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

In all matters connected with the newer intellectual and artistic movement in Spain Mrs. Villiers-Wardell is an intelligent and diverting guide. In her more general analysis she has got at some fundamental facts usually overlooked; as that Spain is the only genuine democracy. Socially, she means, of course. And it is unquestionably true that in few lands is the sense of personal dignity so widely diffused and so generally respected. Mrs. Villiers-Wardell is enough of an insider to defend the bull-fight. It is witnessed in a spirit of fine amateurism, and its merely incidental cruelty is not the chief attraction. As a race, the Spanish are not cruel. Into these regions of casuistry it would be unprofitable to enter. Without committing the folly of indicting a nation, the history of Spain reveals a singular slow atrocity. One does no favor to a gallant race by denying the fact. As for the bull-ring, our apologist's explanation of its charms would neatly cover the Roman amphitheatre.

Against the Spain of literature and romance the reader is explicitly warned. In particular he must not key his expectations by the opera of "Carmen." A more necessary reminder is that Spain is not one but many. Very good is the little summary of Catalan traits, though here the author has observed a

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caution and reticence that make her survey oddly impersonal. It is an achievement to write reasonably well on this theme without even mentioning Salmeron or Ferrer. This foible of leaving out the main thing is a bit too common in the book. Mrs. Villiers-Wardell knows that irrigation would redeem large portions of the peninsula, but forgets to say that reasonably good roads and railways would do more. The Calabrian, Sicilian, and Spanish questions are alike in hanging on communications. Toledo is described without a word about its greatest artist, El Greco. Oddly enough, almost nothing is said about society; possibly it is ruled out as affected with cosmopolitanism. A word on that peculiar and delightful function, the *tertulia*, would have been welcome. We have instead very full information about Andalusian dancing and *fiestas*. In general, too many facts have been crowded into the book with too little interpretation. Others, even the despised romancers, have seen Spain with a keener and truer eye. Our author is too much at pains to prove her paradox that Spain is not so very Spanish after all. Through her one grasps the ideas and intentions of the *intellectuels*, of such men as the admirable publicist, Ganivet, but misses the flavor of the folk itself. Her chapters inform, but they yield no coherent and persuasive picture. The book is readable, but cannot be called indispensable.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co. announce the publication of "Appleton's New Practical Cyclopædia" in six volumes. All articles have been revised, to bring their information up to date, and a complete new index system, with analytical and synthetic groupings, has been added.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce for early publication the life of Yoshio Markino, told by himself, in "A Japanese Artist in London."

Publication of Rear-Admiral French Ensor Chadwick's "The Relations of the United States and Spain—The Spanish-American War," as a companion volume to the author's "The Relations of the United States and Spain—Diplomacy," is announced for this year by Charles Scribner's Sons. This work will be a complete history of the war, in which Admiral Chadwick served as commander of the New York.

Beginning with the July number, the *Forum* will be published by Mitchell Kennerley, according to an announcement made this week. Ownership will still be vested in the Forum Publishing Company, of which Isaac L. Rice is president. The *Forum* will be continued on the lines of a review, as heretofore.

A verbatim reprint of the 1855 edition of Browning's "Men and Women" now appears in the green and gilt series of the Oxford University Press. That series is rapidly forming a library of reprints as admirable in selection and editing as they are attractive in form.

To Harper's thin-paper edition of Thomas Hardy there has been added "Under the Greenwood Tree," not one of his great works, but a charming idyl. The shortness of the story permits the present volume to combine the advantages of "thin-paper" size, and paper that is not really "thin" at all. The type is clear, but occasionally broken.

Intending travellers to northern Germany will be glad to know that Scribner's have imported a fifteenth revised edition of the English Baedeker, to that part of the world, corresponding to the twenty-ninth German edition.

Pierre Loti's "Egypt" ("La Mort de Philæ") is published by Duffield & Co. with eight color illustrations by A. Lamplough. The translator, W. P. Baines, has come off pretty well in a difficult task, but often follows the French too literally. The partitive, for example, rarely means "some" in spite of the grammars. An "equipage," meaning a crew, is scarcely English. In short, this book is an attenuation of what cannot be regarded as first-rate Loti. It will doubtless be read chiefly by those tourists who are its especial butt. It contains, however, some of Loti's best writing, The Hall of Mummies by Night, The Temple of the Ogress, An Audience of Amenophis II, the dirge for crumbling Philæ—these are all extraordinary evocations. On the other hand, the constant girding at the Cook tourists and the British régime becomes tiresome and even cheap, nor does the reiteration of the theme of the outraged majesty of old Egypt escape monotony. It would be delightful if the world could be reduced to an inviolate crepuscular necropolis in which a single elect spirit might form its exquisite impressions, but since that may not be, good taste forbids too overt a resentment of the world as it is.

In the pocket-size People's Library, published by Cassell & Co., we have received Stevenson's "The Master of Ballantrae." Emerson's "Essays," Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales," Pope's translation of the "Iliad," and Dr. John Anster's translation of Goethe's "Faust." Of these the Homer, Goethe, and Stevenson volumes are the most acceptable typographically, though all of them show here and there the inevitable flaws incident to the crowding of much type on an inferior grade of thin paper.

In the history of medical science and medical education, Ernst Freiherr von Feuchtersleben occupies an honorable position and enjoys a repute by no means confined to his native Austria. Even as a poet he is not altogether unknown, and his personal worth is attested by two contemporaries whose opinions are the weightier because they spoke from intimate knowledge and were both by temperament slower to bless than to ban. Franz Grillparzer recognized honesty, truthfulness, kindliness, and modesty as the foundations of Feuchtersleben's character—giving him, indeed, a testimonial which for Grillparzer was the highest, when he declared, "Nicht nur sein Denken, sondern auch sein Empfinden war einig mit sich und wahr." And Friedrich Hebbel, Feuchtersleben's first editor, said of him, "He was a *man*, born to be such, as poets are born and not made." Gustav Pollak has rightly perceived that some account of this man, unfamiliar as his name is to most of us, could not but serve to recommend a book which is so personal as Feuchtersleben's "Hygiene of the Soul." The book had already been translated *in extenso* into English (as into French), but with no memoir of the author, and an American reprint of the English translation was anonymous. The version now offered by Mr. Pollak (published by Dodd, Mead & Co.) may be described as an adaptation of the work to the probable needs of American readers. He has, by summarizing when necessary and translating when expedient, fairly represented the author whom his preliminary chapters introduce to us; and he has appended to the "Hygiene of the Soul" translations of a considerable number of Feuchtersleben's maxims, aphorisms, and philosophical meditations. Mr. Pollak's skill as an adapter and translator is well known. In these days of "mental healing" it is good service to offer in so attractive a form the wisdom of a healthy mind, and to foster a taste, not so widespread as it was three or four generations ago, for truths and views formulated with epigrammatic precision but not systematized.

With the delicacy and humor that the subject requires, W. H. Helm has written "Jane Austen and her Country House Comedy" (John Lane Co.). The critical method is that of elimination. One by one we glimpse the territories that were never annexed to Janeland. They include pretty nearly all the really important classes of English society. She never depicted with any interest a laborer, a really competent professional man, much less a politician or statesman. Her theme was the semi-parasitic class, to which she belonged herself—the small gentry who lived on inherited money and their dependents. She scrupulously avoided, with rare exceptions, the tempests that may rage even within this teapot. It would be hard to find a writer of any repute whose range was so small, whose contact with life so ungenerously measured. We believe our author is right in thus narrowing down his theme. Such a procedure avoids foolish and quite injurious comparisons between Jane Austen and other novelists. For example, if criticism of life is truly the gauge of literature, Maria Edgeworth, and even Fanny Burney, would be far the superior of Jane Austen, which is absurd, as the geometries say. It is only when we have her bounded that we begin to perceive her unique excellence. The value is in herself not in her vivacious characterizations, or in her admirably simple phrase, but in the delicate Olympianism with which she moves and ridicules her own creations. She counts personally, as our author insists. We carry in our minds the piquant image of a satirist who is winsome, whose handkerchief one would dive for when dropped at a Bath assembly. The gods loved her well enough to let her die young, and she remains perhaps the only example of the *jeune fille* philosopher in literature. Alien laurels have been imposed on her as a realist. She grows, whether consciously or unconsciously, out of the artificial comedy of manners, and her merit is to have made the novel a finer vehicle for the display and

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criticism of manners than ever the play was before it. Thus may be paraphrased the implications of the seven essays making up this interesting book. The chapters on Jane Austen's ethics, on her contact with life, and on the personal and topographical elements in the novels are especially instructive. By exclusion chiefly, they build up the picture we have hinted at above. Oddly, for the literature of the subject is freely quoted, so early and indefatigable a Janeite as William Dean Howells is not mentioned. This book leaves us with the paradox that success in the novel can be obtained with a very narrow experience of life, and almost without passion, all of which emphasizes the sheer intellectuality of Jane Austen's achievement, and once more displays it as a more discreet and truthful descendant of the old artificial comedy.

The forty brief essays gathered into Hilaire Belloc's "On Everything" (Dutton) represent the fine flower of literary journalism in England. Mr. Belloc can still pursue a whim as gallantly as when he footed the road to Rome, but the casual adventure enlists him less exclusively than of old, or, rather, gathering seriousness he is likely to give the chance meeting the turn of a parable. For this innovation his art is none the worse. In fact, this little book suggests that he has measurably outgrown the rather insistent cleverness of his beginnings. Of that commodity he had enough and to spare. We find him companionable in his contacts with men and nature. In fact, these essays, written to be read at the breakfast table, seem better suited to the open. On such drifts down sluggish rivers and landfalls off the coast as Mr. Belloc describes it would be a good fortune to find his book in your pocket. Few modern volumes would give so many specular glimpses of great topics on such agreeable terms.

Eleven writers, all of whom, we believe, are connected with Brown University, have combined to make a volume called "A Modern City: Providence, Rhode Island, and Its Activities." Dr. William Kirk is the general editor and takes the subject of labor. Prof. William MacDonald analyzes a population that ranges from old Americans to Portuguese-negro half-breeds, known as bravas. Other chapters devoted to geography, industry, government, finance, education, art, philanthropy, and religion are in equally competent hands. President Faunce of Brown University, in a general introduction, points out certain peculiarities of the city. It is probably the most conservative of American municipalities. A town meeting is still held, though for the limited purpose of administering a bequest. The suffrage is doubly restricted. Stability and prosperity are the benefits set above all others. The city means to be ruled by its intelligence and wealth. Like the State of Rhode Island, Providence "is still true to the ideals of Washington rather than to those of Lincoln." It has cheerfully accepted commercial standards, but has held them with a certain grace. It is a hospitable city and devoted to the family bond. It houses its people better perhaps than any other American city. It was Lowell who, observing the deep door-yards, remarked: "You have fifty feet of self-respect between your houses and the street." If there is virtue in the restriction of the suffrage, neo-Federalists must extol the example of Providence. To an impartial outsider it seems to show simply a more sedate form of the ruling municipal corruption. What is more noteworthy is a civic spirit, rather uncommon in Eastern cities, that willingly expresses itself in benevolent, artistic, and literary enterprises, and in industrial betterments. The book is adequately illustrated, and published by the Chicago University Press, which plans to issue other city surveys of this useful sort.

"The Price of Blood" (Dutton), from the author of "The Battle of Tsushima" and "Rasplata," does not reach the high level of the earlier volumes. Capt. Semenoff's narrative hitherto has been valuable and interesting because it presented the attitude of the typical educated Russian to the war and to the government that so pitifully mismanaged it. In the present volume the captain's nerves have got the better of him. From being critical he has become querulous. Perhaps the shattering experiences of Tsushima may account for the change. It is just after the destruction of the Russian fleet that the book begins. Capt. Semenoff was seriously wounded and captured, together with Admiral Rozhestvensky. Many pages are devoted to the gruesome dressings of his wounds, and many more to the supposed "malevolence" with which the Japanese were wont to gloat over their fallen foes. His grievances are numerous, but when he sets them down we can only wonder at the state of mind of a man who can so abuse those from whom he is receiving treatment worthy of considerable gratitude. He does grudgingly record the patient care accorded him by the surgeons, but he proceeds to dilate on the outrage of forcing Russian officers—prisoners, of course—to take directions from Japanese officers lower in rank. They were further insulted by being addressed simply by their names, "without their titles"! But apparently these matters were not taken so much to heart by all the prisoners, for the author finds it necessary to hold up some of his comrades to scorn who stooped to associate with the victors. The tone of the book is rather ungracious, besides being unfair to the Japanese. Though a prisoner, Capt. Semenoff seems to think he was entitled to the best in the land. His delicate European honor shrunk from these ungentlemanly barbarians; yet he calmly tells us he broke his parole, given earlier in the war. According to the rules of the game, after his recapture at Tsushima he should have been hanged; but his offence escaped notice, and instead of executing him they healed his wounds and sent him home. But it is well to remember that he was continually suffering, in body and spirit, from his own wounds and the disaster to his country. He had, indeed, small grounds for any cheerfulness. From this point of view his book affords an interesting study in the psychology of defeat. It contains the crude material in which a Tolstoi or a Verestchagin might have worked.

There is much of interest both to the general reader and to the student of a perplexing problem in John R. Spears's "Story of the American Merchant Marine" (Macmillan). As might be expected, the earlier chapters are colored by romance and adventure, but this aspect of the story has been treated equally well by other writers. A more serious tone pervades the later chapters, especially those covering the period since our supremacy of the seas has been lost. Many of the fallacious arguments which, at one time or another, have been advanced by the advocates of ship subsidies in their various forms, or by the exponents of a policy of discriminating duties, are skilfully handled to their further disadvantage. The author does not hesitate to affirm, without reserve, that the decay of the American merchant marine came primarily, if not entirely, from natural causes; that our loss of the command of the sea and the consequent supremacy of the British were "due to the working of the inevitable law of the survival of the fittest." The statement is made, and supported by arguments which cannot be lightly brushed aside, that our one-time much-boasted supremacy of the American flag on the high seas was due, in large part, to the superior intrinsic efficiency of the American sailor at the time when sailing ships were the chief traffic carriers. The writer's view of the present day problem is tersely expressed in the concluding sentence of the volume:

> We can buy ships—whole fleets of them—if we are willing to pay the price, and we can maintain them on the high seas in like manner; but we shall never again see the Stars and Stripes triumphant upon the high seas until the American environment evolves once more, by natural process, the nautical unit as efficient for the modern day as was our ship of the sail in the days long past.

The work contains a number of well-selected illustrations, and will be welcomed as a companion volume to the author's "Story of the New England Whalers," which appeared less than two years ago.

In 1904, Hennecke, with the assistance of some fifteen scholars, edited a translation of the most important apocryphal gospels, acts, and apocalypses, along with what is known as the Apostolic Fathers. This appeared as one volume, entitled "Neutestamentliche Apokryphen," to which was added a "Handbuch" in a separate volume. The need of some such work in English is apparent, and Dr. Bernhard Pick, single-handed, it should seem, has attempted to meet the need. Drawing heavily, as all must, from the treasures gathered by Lipsius, Bonnet, and Schmidt, and with Hennecke's edition at command, our editor is in a position ultimately to publish a series of volumes which will supersede the translations in the Ante-Nicene Library. For the present, however, Dr. Pick contents himself with offering in translation, with brief introduction and notes, a few of the oldest apocryphal Acts ("Apocryphal Acts of Paul, Peter, John, Andrew, and Thomas"; Open Court Publishing Co.). These documents do not, of course, contribute much, if anything, to an historical knowledge of the apostles named, but they do reveal a popular Christianity of the second and third centuries, hospitably disposed to syncretistic influences, both in the type of narrative, as Reitzenstein has recently pointed out, and in the practical religious life, notably mystic and ascetic in color, and in the life of reflection. For example, docetism, a first century phenomenon, attacked in the Pastoral Epistles and in the Gospel and Epistles of John, appears in most attractive guise in the Acts of John. That these various Acts were widely read is shown by the fact that they were early translated into many languages. Indeed, the good bishops of the ancient

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catholic church were unable altogether to prevent the circulation of this literature. There was as yet no *Index Expurgatorius*, although they did attempt to expurgate or tone down some of the gnostic extravagances, while retaining or even heightening the ascetic elements, a procedure manifest in the existence of these texts in various forms. Dr. Pick has given much time and thought to the preparation of this English edition, and both he and his publisher have rendered good service in making accessible to those who cannot read German this specimen of popular Christian literature.

"Författaren," although printed now for the first time, was written in 1886-7, and expresses August Strindberg's standpoint at that time, when his first marriage was about to be dissolved, and he had written the four volumes of his autobiography, not as "memoirs or confessions," but as "a sort of balance sheet or liquidation." The new volume covers the period of his first marriage, the story of which he, a few years later, told in the intimate—too intimate—"Beichte eines Thoren." "Författaren" deals, as the title implies, with Strindberg's work as a writer, and his mental development during the decade beginning in 1877, when he "had taken active part in a domestic tragedy, again had edited an unsuccessful journal, and just returned from his first journey abroad." The experiences of the last years "had educated him to that real humanity which reaches out in sympathy to all classes of society, even the highest, wherever he finds an unfortunate who fights his bitter struggle for his position, whether it be high or low." From this point of view he wrote the volume of short stories about life among students in Upsala, "Fran Fjärdingen till Svartbäcken," and this sympathy was one of the intermingling motives in his great satirical novel, "Röda Rummet," in which he drew from his experience and observations of life among artists, journalists, government officials in the capital. The analysis of "Röda Rummet," and of its reception by the critics, is among the most interesting parts of the book, and quite objectively written, as the author, ten years afterwards, was able to look back to this period of his life and authorship with a rather dispassionate view. The secret of the reception of the book was, he says, "that he had laid the large point of view on the small things of life. What comfort for the small, the unsuccessful, the hunted, to find that all they had worshipped and vainly striven for, was merely dust and ashes." The literary ancestor of Strindberg in "Röda Rummet" was Dickens, and not Zola, as his critics had proclaimed. He had at that time not yet read a line of Zola; when, soon afterward, he laid his hand on "Assommoir" he found, he says, that what he had wanted to say had been said once before—he felt himself superfluous, and buried himself in historical and archæological studies. The volume ends with a dialogue between Johan and a younger friend, X., who was his neighbor during a spring's sojourn in Aargau, in Switzerland, "a young man of noble family who had acquired his education while travelling, and had made a start as a painter." He was now making a new start, as a writer, and was two years afterwards to make his début with a volume of poems which opened the new movement in Swedish poetry, the poetic movement, the lyric movement which followed the realistic, of which Strindberg at that time was the most conspicuous representative. For the young man was Verner von Heidenstam. (Stockholm: Bonnier.).

Announcement of the award of the annual prizes by the Académie Française was made recently. The Grand Prix Gobert, for French history, went to two writers, the larger portion to Christian Pfister for his "Histoire de Nancy." Four shared in the Prix Bordin (3,000 fr.), two of whom were Ch. Drouhet for "Le Poète François Mainard," and Gabriel Maugain for his "Etude sur l'Italie." The Abbé Félix Klein got 1,000 francs of the Prix Sorbier-Arnould for his "L'Amérique de demain." Of the Prix Montyon (18,700 fr.), which was divided in many parts, L. Guimbaud received the largest share (1,200 fr.) for a monograph on the founder of the prize. Another award for historical writings was 1,000 francs from the Prix Thérouanne to Le Moy for his "Parlement de Bretagne et le pouvoir royal au dixhuitième siècle." Maurice Lange got 1,000 francs from the Prix Thiers for his work on La Bruyère, and Urbain Mengin received an equal amount from the Prix Charles Blanc for the monograph on Benozzo Gozzoli, the artist.

Science.

Inheritance of Characteristics in Domestic Fowl. By Charles B. Davenport. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

We have in this work the results of a series of experiments in breeding domestic fowl, conducted chiefly for the purpose of demonstrating the fact that certain factors (known as "dominants") are more strongly inherited than others ("recessives"), and that this inheritance conforms to the laws laid down by Mendel. The great value of most of these tests is another exposition of the importance of experimental work in the detection of the forces which govern the evolution of living organisms. The only regret is that they could not have been carried out on wild species, concerning the purity of whose ancestry there would be no question.

This is not the first of Professor Davenport's contributions to the literature of this little known subject. He now advances the theory that the strength of the dominating character not only varies, but is inheritable; and many of the experiments, which relate to the number of toes, presence or absence of tail, condition of comb, and similar variations, seem to support this view strongly. In one test it was found that the single, median comb is imperfectly dominant over non-median; this results in a peculiarly shaped appendage known as the "Y"-comb. This dominance was found to be much stronger in the offspring of those birds in which the median comb was most potent, and fewer "Y"-combs resulted, proving the inheritance of the degree of dominance.

The work in color is particularly interesting. It is shown that color is determined by the presence or absence of governing influences. These are the factors which cause the presence of a color, and those which determine whether the Jungle Fowl pattern shall remain pure, or be obscured by overlying black, buff, or white. A striking experiment in support of the assertion of the presence of the Jungle pattern, where it is commonly unsuspected, is the appearance of a bird of this color in the third generation of Black Minorca and Dark Brahma (grayish) hybrids. The Jungle pattern is absent in buff fowls, the origin of which is obscure. Formulæ are presented for the expression of the chief colors; these will be useful in simplifying the expression of color results in future.

In a concluding chapter various problems of evolution are taken up in a general manner. Professor Davenport's idea of the controlling influence in the development of an organism may bear quoting:

> We have reason for concluding that each developmental process is a "response"—a reaction of the living, streaming protoplasm to changing environment. The nature of the response to any stimulus probably depends on the chemical constitution of the protoplasm—and this is hereditary. In an important sense heredity is the control of ontogeny.

Finally, the undoubted value of hybridization is explained, as a means of acquiring knowledge of the evolution of species by the removal of factors which obscure ancestral traits. A full bibliography is given, including virtually all the work which has been done in this particular branch, and will be of great service to the increasing numbers of investigators. A series of excellent plates of color types in fowl is inserted at the back of the work. It seems unfortunate that in many cases freshly-hatched chicks and well-developed embryos were examined, and that to their characteristics at this time full value was given in the percentages. It would be more satisfactory if a larger number could have been raised to maturity, particularly in the color experiments.

A recent volume of the University of Manchester Publications (No. XLVI), by Sir William J. Sinclair, is devoted to "Semmelweis: His Life, and His Doctrine." Here we have an extended, sometimes a little too extended, account of the development of the view now so clear and obvious that puerperal fever is due to local infection rather than to miasms or epidemic causes, and of the harsh criticism and violent opposition which this opinion met and slowly overcame. It makes a very interesting and instructive chapter in the history of medicine, but is quite too special for detailed notice in this column. As to the priority

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of Holmes in this matter Sinclair takes the ground that he was merely a skilful user of the material furnished by others, using it so well and impressively as to deserve grateful recognition, but not himself an observer who contributed to the science of midwifery, so that "the eulogists of Holmes have compared unlike things" in comparing him with Semmelweis.

Sir William Huggins, the astronomer, died in London on Tuesday, at the age of eighty-six. After many years spent in the study of various sciences, he was elected, in 1852, a member of the Microscopical Society, which led him to make researches in the fields of animal and vegetable physiology. In 1855 Sir William erected a private observatory at his residence on Upper Tulse Hill. His more important discoveries were those which enabled astronomers, by means of the spectroscope, to determine the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies. For these researches Sir William received, in 1866, one of the medals placed at the disposal of the Royal Society, of which he had previously, on June 1, 1865, been elected a fellow. The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was awarded, in 1867, to Sir William and Dr. Miller jointly. After 1875 he was engaged chiefly in photographing the ultra-violet portions of the spectra of the stars, which discovery opened up a new field to astronomers. He was a member of many scientific societies.

Drama.

The Theory of the Theatre. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

This book, consisting of twenty-two essays on the theatre—its development, product, management, and mission—and the various influences affecting it, is dedicated to Prof. Brander Matthews, of whom the author is evidently a diligent student and faithful disciple. The correspondence between his views and those expressed in Mr. Matthews's recently published "Study of the Drama" is proof of this; and it is, perhaps a little unfortunate that two volumes covering so much of the same ground, and often so much alike in spirit, should have been issued so closely together. Mr. Hamilton is fluent, definite, and entertaining, and in his statement of facts he is accurate, but many of his generalizations are hasty and unsound, and he often betrays a lack of true critical observation in drawing deductions, in support of his own theories, from the comparison of plays and performances, not properly comparable because of the essential differences in their quality and character and the circumstances attending their exhibition. For instance, he says that the drama is the only art, except oratory and certain forms of music, that is designed to appeal to a crowd and not the individual. This is true in a limited sense. Painters, sculptors, all imaginative writers, seek fame and reward in the recognition by the many, although genius is ever faithful to its inspiration and convictions. All artists, including the true dramatist—the hack playwright belongs to another category altogether—do appeal primarily, doubtless, to a special class, and strive more or less to secure its peculiar approval; but in nearly all first-class work there are qualities, apart from that one which satisfies the supreme artistic ideal—which are likely to find, and constantly have found, permanent popular appreciation.

Mr. Hamilton is greatly impressed, apparently, by the ingenious theories of Gustave Le Bon concerning the psychology of crowds, but these are less applicable probably to a theatrical audience than to any other assemblage. Undoubtedly, the collective judgment of a crowd is not equal to the sum of its intellectual entities. The baser instincts, being greater in the mass, are apt to prevail over the finer. But in the ordinary theatrical audience the level of intelligence—not necessarily of cultivation—is a good deal higher than is generally supposed. It must never be forgotten that the dramatic masterpieces which survive are supported by the many, not only by the few. Many of the most successful modern plays have also been the best from the literary or dramatic point of view. The assertion, or implication, made by Mr. Hamilton that great plays are beloved of the populace for their least worthy characteristics is not susceptible of proof. In the matter of entertainment the crowd is omnivorous. And herein lies the reason why it may be accustomed to any kind of diet. There is present profit, as everybody knows, in pandering to its grosser appetites. In that knowledge is rooted the policy of all our commercial managers—a policy that spells damnation. Most of what Mr. Hamilton says about the essentials of a good play and a successful play is perfectly correct, much of it is trite, but he seems to be a victim of the all too common fallacy that the dramatist—the dramatist, mind, not the mere play-maker—must be governed by that largely fictitious thing called the public demand. No man can write a really valuable treatise on the theory of the theatre until he realizes that it should be the aim, as it is the privilege, of the dramatist, not, indeed, wholly to disregard popular tastes or opinions, but to guide them in the right direction. He should play the part of a leader, not of a clown in a circus.

Mr. Hamilton speaks somewhat contemptuously of the subservience of the crowd to inherited emotions, but it might be argued effectively on the other side that the average audience, in its sentimental adherence to ancient standards of personal honor, morality, and nobility, and even in its desire to see virtue triumphant, not infrequently exhibits keen discernment. As a rule, it is quick to see through the sophistry which attempts to represent black as white, a fact that explains the failure of a good many clever but decadent modern dramas. In dealing with the destructive effect of modern stage management upon the art of the actor and the imaginative power of the audience, he shows acute and true observation, but he favors an abominable heresy when he speaks of the value of a musical accompaniment as a means of concentrating attention. All music that is not an integral part of the scene ought to be excluded from drama. His plea in behalf of the social-problem drama is sound enough in its general propositions, but does not meet the really valid objections to many of these pieces that they ignore the truth of nature, are special pleadings of no general significance, offer no solution, are unfitted for general representation, and are as disagreeable as they are unprofitable.

There is much good sense in his remarks on the use of blank verse on the stage, but few will agree with the suggestion that the poetical dramatist should be careful to keep his terms of expression within the limits of the literary intelligence of the majority. Blank obscurity is, of course, a fatal fault; but it is one that few great poets often indulge in. He has an admirable chapter on Barrie, and hits the right nail on the head when he argues that the specialists in the morbid do not deal with the truth, but only a fragmentary part of it. As a whole, the book is well worth reading.

Music.

Musical England. By William Johnson Galloway. London: Christophers. 3s 6d, net.

Music in the Public Schools. By E. W. Newton. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.

Let those who look on England as a hopelessly unmusical country read Mr. Galloway's volume, and they will change their minds. He shows in a series of ten chapters that enormous strides have been made in the last quarter of a century, and particularly during the first decade of the present century. This progress is obvious in all branches of the art except opera; there is a constantly increasing enthusiasm for music the country over, and the great majority of the people respond promptly to new opportunities whenever provided. The time is past when the English public refused to take music seriously; taste is changing, and the public no longer looks on native music and musicians with suspicion. In a word, there has been "a surprising musical renascence."

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Among the contributing causes are music in schools, municipal music, music in the army and navy, festivals, concerts, societies, and the competitive movement, to each of which a chapter is devoted. Much has been done by the three principal high schools of music in London—the Royal Academy, the Royal College, and the Guildhall School of Music—which have among them something like three thousand pupils. The curriculum of the public schools now includes instruction (in classes of not more than thirty-five) in ear-training by dictation, sight-reading, and voice-training, with unison and part singing. In the evening schools there are also instrumental classes, which are doing excellent service; and the National Union of School Orchestras now includes some four thousand schools. Massed performances are given every year, at which the violin parts are played exclusively by children. For adults, musical education and entertainment are officially provided by municipal bands; in London, for instance, the County Council spends £12,500 a year on band performances, which are steadily improving as regards both execution and choice of pieces. Performances for the benefit of the public are also given by the army and navy bands; the only government schools of music in the provinces are the Royal Military School of Music at Hounslow and the Royal Navy School of Music at Eastney. The author notes with satisfaction that, whereas half a century ago two-thirds of the bandmasters were foreigners, today not only the bandmasters but nine-tenths of the bandsmen are British. What is still more gratifying to British pride is that the German Government has instituted a school of military music constituted largely on the lines of Kneller Hall, at which, among other things, there are three annual competitions offering prizes for orchestral scoring, quick-march writing, and compositions for military bands. Such compositions are in great demand—a fact of interest to composers everywhere—for, as the author says: "The rubbish of past generations has gone for good, but there is little to take its place, since the great composers have not written much for military bands."

Music festivals have always been an English specialty. They have done much to foster choral and other concert music; they have encouraged English composers, as well as foreigners, among them Mendelssohn, Gounod and Dvorák; but the multiplication of concerts everywhere tends to diminish their importance, because most people prefer a weekly feast to an annual gorge. For these weekly feasts—during the "season" they are daily—London alone has, among other things, five first-class orchestras, all of which seem to be prospering.

In the value of competition, Mr. Galloway puts much faith. The most interesting chapter in his book is a defence of the competitive movement which is spreading a knowledge and love of music throughout the country. At a meeting, held at Stratford in March, 1909, there were seventy-four contests in choral singing, vocal and instrumental solos, etc. These competitions were started about thirty years ago, and they have done much to raise the standard of the music performed as well as the performance itself; they have, as one active worker asserts, "the power to riddle England through and through with music." They greatly increase the interest in music felt in schools, while at the same time creating a keen desire to learn among adults who previously had no desire to hear anything but cheap tunes. The choice of worthless music is made impossible by the prescribing of the best pieces, and publishers no longer find it easy to push trashy songs by offering prizes. The author thus finds a hopeful outlook from every point of view—except the opera. Why in England alone, of all civilized countries, opera should be less popular than concerts is something he cannot explain. The state might help, he thinks, and should help. It builds and maintains museums, picture galleries, and libraries—why not opera houses?

The state doubtless is coming to the rescue, in England as in other countries; even where it does not help to build opera houses, it pays for the music in the public schools, which are the great nurseries of future audiences. Much depends on the teachers, who frequently need guidance as much as their pupils. For them, E. W. Newton's "Music in the Public Schools" was written; it is a manual of suggestions which they can use with any series of music books. Of special value are the directions given for the treatment of the partial and complete "monotones"—pupils who cannot sing correctly; the author asserts that they sing incorrectly because they hear incorrectly, and shows how they can be taught to sing in from six weeks to six months. Another excellent feature of this treatise is that interpretation is taught from the very beginning by discussing with the children the meaning of the poem they sing, thus helping them to understand the spirit of the music.

Benjamin Cutter, musical educator and author, died last week at his home, in Jamaica Plain, Mass., in his fifty-third year. He pursued his studies on the violin, and in the theory of music, in Boston, and afterward in Stuttgart, under Eichberg, Götschius and Seifriz. Beginning in 1892 he taught in the New England Conservatory of Music, and was also a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Among his published compositions were a mass in D, chamber music, and choral music, religious and secular. He was the author of "Exercises in Harmony," "Harmonic Analysis," and "How to Study Kreutzer."

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 5.

Mr. Abbey this year is showing two large panels for the State Capitol at Harrisburg. As with all such larger designs done to fill a special place, it is impossible to judge them fairly when they are seen on the walls of a gallery in quite other surroundings and under quite a different light. Until they are set up in Harrisburg, I can say nothing of their value as decorations of the Capitol, but I can at least say how they strike me at the Academy. The larger—and it is very large, stretching from the floor up to the ceiling of the gallery, where it enjoys the centre of honor—represents Penn's Treaty with the Indians. Abbey has taken as his pictorial theme the historic meeting under the elm, Penn and the Indian Chief clasping hands upon their bargain. On one side is the group of Friends in attendance upon Penn; on the other, the group of Indians squatting on the ground as they watch the ceremony with close attention, their wigwams showing in the distance. The famous tree rises high above the central figures, its foliage touched with the gold of autumn, and, beyond, the woods are ablaze with scarlet. If anything, too much stress is laid upon the tree. It dwarfs the people below. And the leaves, which have already begun to fall, are scattered so sparsely that they become little restless spots of gold, dotted over the upper part of the canvas. The proportions may be all right, the restlessness may disappear when the panel is seen under the conditions for which it has been designed, but I cannot help feeling, as it stands, that Abbey has been more concerned with the dramatic illustration of his subject than with the fine line and the harmonious color scheme that are the very essentials of mural decoration. His other painting is much smaller. The theme here is the Camp of the American Army at Valley Forge, February, 1778, and it is still less decoratively treated. It might really be an enlargement of a drawing done for *Harper's*. The snow lies on the ground, a handful of miserable soldiers in miserable makeshifts of uniform, or rather no uniform at all, are drawn up in the foreground for drill by Baron Steuben, and everything speaks of the sufferings of that cruel winter. Abbey has doubtlessly studied the detail with the utmost care, for no artist is more scrupulous when it comes to a question of historic fact, whether of costume or architecture, climate, or anecdote. But his

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decorative intention is less evident, and again one fails to find the rhythmical line and color of which the great decorators of all time have had the secret.

These are the only two important examples of mural decoration in the whole exhibition. It is the more extraordinary because one hears of various large schemes of decoration that are being, or have just been, carried out—for the House of Lords, for some of the City Companies, for private houses. But it is just this sort of work that seldom finds its way into the Academy where, of all places, it should be seen, were the Academy truly to represent the art of the country. It seems, too, that it has gone out of fashion for artists to show there the big religious, or metaphorical, or mythological compositions, the huge domestic anecdotes, once so conspicuous. The reason of the change, perhaps, is that those are no longer the honored masterpieces that bring the eager outsider straight into the Academical fold. A fisherman's wedding breakfast or funeral, the Prodigal Son, a Venus on heroic scale, were once worth an associateship, or even a full membership. But the prize of late has gone to another order of performance which, therefore, in its turn, is accepted as model. A few years ago, the late C. W. Furse made his popular success with portraits of individuals or groups on windy uplands, and now one aspirant after another tries his luck with an arrangement of figures in the open air, with ribbons and draperies flying before the breeze. Lately Orpen was elected an Associate, and as his chief success was made with portraits painted indoors, his sitter surrounded by the appropriate detail, now the ambitious outsider seeks to rival him with the presentment of elaborately wrought interiors as the setting to one or more models. A few of the older men persevere in the familiar paths which they have followed so decorously for years. Alma-Tadema's marbles and blue skies and figures in classical costume are as they ever were, only this year he gives them for title The Voice of Spring and Spring Spreads one Green Lap of Flowers, for the fair maidens of Waterhouse who grow no older or less sad with the passing of time. But these painters of an earlier generation have, for the present anyway, no disciples. A few of the younger men strain frankly after idealism, or decoration, or symbolism, however they may call it. Brangwyn's Wine is apparently decorative in intention, and is certainly in effect: an arrangement of nude figures, an exuberance of fruit, and a great Arabian Nights' green jar. There is strong painting in the detail, especially in the grapes and jar, and less of the spottiness, the blobbiness, of Brangwyn's usual work; but the pattern is confused, the various parts only detaching themselves unwillingly from an incoherent whole after you have looked into it long and carefully, a confusion largely due to the fact that the arrangement is neither entirely conventional nor yet entirely realistic. Gerald Moira's London is as symbolic in its quite different way, the endeavor being to express the very spirit of the place by crowding into one canvas all that is most symbolic of it, from St. Paul's, with the heavy white clouds adrift above, to the flower girl of Piccadilly Circus, with her basket at her knees. And here again the artist has hesitated between decorative formula and actual fact, with confusion as the result. But though Brangwyn has his followers and Moira is a professor at South Kensington, the Academy gives no sign of the influence of either, and their pictures and motives are the rare exception.

The portraits are, of course, numerous, but they do not excel in quality as in quantity. For some years past, portraits at the Academy have meant, as far as interest goes, chiefly Sargent, and Sargent, for this spring at all events, has kept to his announced intention to paint portraits no more, and he shows only landscapes. Sir Edward J. Poynter fills the place of honor in the large Gallery III with a portrait of the [late] King, which he has painted for the Royal Academy. Unfortunately, the Academy has lost another of its most distinguished portrait painters in Orchardson. He is not unrepresented. Three, I believe, of the last portraits he began before his death are hung, but I doubt if, had he lived, he would have wished to show them as they are. They seem like shadows from the brush of the Orchardson who painted that beautiful mother and baby and the memorable portrait of Sir Walter Gilbey. The most complete of the three is one of Abbey, characteristic enough in pose and color scheme and refinement of handling; but shadowy—an etherealized Abbey.

Orchardson and Sargent are not easily replaced. There are, it is true, portraits by other Academicians, by Ouless, Herkomer, Fildes, Cope; some as devoid of interest or character as a painted photograph, some in which brutality is mistaken for breadth, some merely commonplace. J. J. Shannon has shown many in the past far better than his four, all of women, of this year. Even Orpen, the new Associate, is not at his strongest, though he sends one of the interiors that have attracted to him such numerous imitators. But the Hon. Sir Eric Barrington, whom he places in a small room of agreeable simplicity and pleasant, cool light, can scarcely distract attention from the tiles of the floor beneath his chair or the prints and mirror on the wall behind him: technically, he is of only secondary interest. Orpen's one other portrait is of Sir Maurice FitzGerald, who stands against a gray background with which his gray coat is in harmony; and if the coat is so flat that you can feel no body inside of it, and if the head has no greater solidity, at least the figure is not leaping from the canvas as in so many an Academical portrait, nor does it degenerate into a mannikin for the display of superfluous detail. Dignity and repose are the merit of Maurice Greiffenhagen's portrait of Maurice Hewlett, who has posed for many artists, but never very successfully, not even now for Greiffenhagen. As he stands, a strangely sinister figure, against a dark background, he recalls the saints, ascetic, gaunt, with faces yellowing like parchment, who loom from out the deep shadows of some old Spanish altarpiece.

Vitality has always been the great distinction of Sargent's portraits on the walls of the Academy, and it is the quality he now brings to his landscapes. The others, whether Alfred East's large decorative formulas or David Murray's big views like stage settings, whether the almost Pre-Raphaelite roads and pastures of H. W. B. Davis or the flower-strewn mountain slopes of MacWhirter—all the old familiar Academic *clichés* in landscape fade by the side of Sargent's impressions of Glacier Streams or of Albanian Olive-Gatherers, with the gorgeous costumes of the peasants making little bright spots in the cool grass and with the great trees beyond partially screening the blinding blue of the southern sky: a landscape of intense brilliancy, but without the hot, unpleasant color with which La Thangue, for instance, is so apt to fill his pictures of the south. Brilliant, clever, as these impressions of Sargent's are, they seem, however, like rapid, hasty notes made in passing, and they have the restlessness that the suggestion of haste gives—they almost tire you to look at them even while you are thankful to find a painter who is alive and who sees things with an enthusiasm that animates the records he jots down on his canvas so unmistakably for his own amusement. Other landscapes there are, here and there, with a quiet beauty that makes itself felt despite the strident screams for notice from near canvases. Something of the poetry of the hour is in Adrian Stokes's Dawn in Winter, with the line of light in the morning sky seen across a wide expanse of snow; something of freshness and quiet in the white "kine with trailing step and shambling gait" moving slowly through Arthur Lemon's cool pastures. The clouds are really floating across the spacious sky above the distant tower of Clavering Church, by George Clausen, but neither this little picture nor his other two have the charm of many of his earlier landscapes, in each of which he set himself some new problem of light or air to study, and, if pos-

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